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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-  
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts  
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

GENERAL BOTHA'S South African Cabinet has been fully formed, and on Tuesday, the anniversary of the Peace of Vereeniging eight years ago, Lord Gladstone was sworn in as Governor-General of South Africa, in the old capital of the greater of the Boer Republics. Demonstrations, school processions, the singing of hymns, and the holding of thanksgiving services all over the country, celebrated the great event. General Botha's Cabinet is constituted as follows:—

General Botha	... Premier and Minister of Agri- culture.
General Smuts	... Minister of the Interior, in- cluding Mines and Defence.
Mr. Sauer	... Minister of Railways.
General Hertzog	... Minister of Justice.
Mr. Malan	... Minister of Education.
Mr. Hull	... Minister of Finance.
Mr. Fischer	... Minister of Lands.
Mr. Burton	... Minister for Native Affairs.
Mr. Moor	... Minister of Commerce and Industries.
Mr. Graaff	... Minister of Public Works and Posts and Telegraphs.
Dr. Gubbins	... Minister without portfolio.

THIS administration rests, in the main, on the recon-  
stituted Bond and on Dutch support, but it is significant  
that General Botha's Premiership is accepted by  
all parties, and the same may be said of General Smuts's  
control of the Department of Mines. The Cabinet con-  
tains three of the Boer Commanders in the field—Botha,  
Smuts, a Cambridge graduate, and Hertzog. Another

member, Mr. Malan, suffered imprisonment during  
the war. A fifth, Mr. Fischer, was long under  
military surveillance on his farm at Bloemfontein,  
and, when he came to Europe, was for some time re-  
fused leave to return. A final and handsome touch to  
the brilliantly successful policy of conciliation has been  
put by raising to the peerage Sir Henry de Villiers, the  
President of the Union Convention. Sir Henry is the  
ablest lawyer in South Africa, and the most distin-  
guished member of the Dutch race there. The core of the  
Cabinet is one of great ability, and no Colonial Govern-  
ment contains a more powerful quintet of administrators  
than Mr. Smuts, Mr. Sauer, Mr. Fischer, Mr. Malan,  
and Mr. Hertzog. Both the older and the younger  
elements of Africanderdom are represented, but, outside  
the two Ministers for Natal, the Ministry is homo-  
geneous. The Prime Minister's choice of the Depart-  
ment of Agriculture is characteristic—General Botha is  
one of the most skilful and successful farmers in South  
Africa. The first act of the new Government has been  
the release of Dinizulu, who has been awarded a pension  
of £500 a year.

IT seems to make little difference whether one re-  
ceives Mr. Roosevelt politely or not. The Pope refused  
to receive him and came off, on the whole, rather lightly.  
Sir Eldon Gorst fêted him, and his reward was an  
amazingly crude and gratuitous attack upon our whole  
policy in Egypt. No summary can do justice to the  
vulgarity and ignorance of the oration which Mr.  
Roosevelt delivered at Guildhall on Tuesday, in re-  
turn for the freedom of the City. It opened with a  
eulogy, much in the vein of Rudyard Kipling, on the  
work of the Empire-builder, with taunts intermingled  
at the expense of those who "live softly" at home.  
We imagine that the average industrial worker at home  
would be very well pleased to exchange his lot for that  
of the able officials who administer the invalid's  
paradise on the Nile.

MR. ROOSEVELT was pleased to approve our policy in  
the Sudan and Uganda. There is no nonsense  
about liberty there. But after a week's sight-  
seeing in Egypt, he reached the conclusion that we  
are ruining our work there by "sentimentality."  
Its condition he declares to be a "grave menace  
to both your Empire and to civilisation." The sequel  
to the assassination of Boutros Pasha showed that  
in "certain vital points you have erred." In dealing  
with "uncivilised and fanatical peoples," timidity and  
sentimentality may do more harm than violence and in-  
justice. He went on to eulogise Boutros Pasha,  
talked of self-government as a "noxious farce," called  
upon us to "maintain order," and bade us, if we could  
not do that, to "get out." Our Imperialists, usually  
such staunch upholders of the doctrine of non-interven-  
tion when a bully has to be rebuked, grovel before this  
tirade, addressed to an Empire of administrators  
hundreds of whose servants have forgotten more about  
the government of men than this American "democrat"  
ever knew. Not a few of them have the baseness to use  
it to attack Sir Eldon Gorst.

IN America, which knows Mr. Roosevelt better than we, the speech is taken as a dexterous turn of the ever-shifting limelight which fixes his blazing figure before his countrymen's eyes as a "third-term candidate." The "World," indeed, unkindly suggests that if we want Mr. Roosevelt we had better keep him, for "we would much rather he made a nuisance of himself over there than here." However, as we can manage without him, we do not see that even international amity requires the British Empire to assist a slightly impudent stroke of American electioneering. We see that Mr. Roosevelt is to be entertained by a body of British journalists. Would it not be better for us to withdraw from this hospitality, and allow our places to be taken by the gentlemen in whose commercial and national interests this remarkable tour appears to have been organised?

WE are not at all surprised to see an article in a Tory print charging the Radical Party with having caused the late King's death. It has its excuse in a grossly improper phrase in the medical report of the King's illness, but, in the main, it is merely an echo of the scandalous gossip of the Tory clubs. A well-informed correspondent lately wrote to us that he had heard the following statements made in one afternoon: First, that the Cabinet had killed the King. Secondly, that Mr. Asquith pursued his policy of the Veto with full knowledge of the fact that the King's life was endangered by it. Thirdly, that the Prime Minister had personally insulted him. The only remark which it is necessary to make on this poisonous stuff is that, if there be a shadow of truth in the statement that the anxieties of the last few months weighed on the King's spirits, a full measure of responsibility belongs to those who last autumn flouted his advice, or even refused him information.

It is tolerably well known that, at the time when Tory extremists were forcing the rejection of the Budget, Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne visited Buckingham Palace. A few hours after that visit, the "Times," in language of barely veiled menace to the King, hinted that any suggestion of intervention by the Crown would mean interference "in purely partisan quarrels," and added that it was like the Liberal Party to suppose that the King had "adopted their peculiar notions of the Constitution, and had warned the House of Lords in the manner of Radical politicians." There is reason to believe that this language was greatly resented by the late King. Its intention was obvious, and it foreshadowed and proclaimed the resolve of the Tories to throw out the Budget, whatever the consequences to the Crown, inevitable as they were. We are not going to say with the baser partisan that Tory any more than Liberal statesmen were responsible for the late King's ill-health. But we do say that never were the interest and comfort of the Crown more disregarded than by the party who are in the habit of attaching it professionally to their electioneering.

A POWERFUL committee, with Professor Sadler and Mr. Harvey, M.P., as its able secretaries, issued, on Monday, a scheme for the settlement of religious teaching in National Education. The Committee includes Churchmen of nearly all schools, except the very High, some Nonconformists, many distinguished educationalists, and a large number—a dominant infusion—of moderates of the type of Mr. Henry Hobhouse. Its weakness is that it does not stand either for the teachers or the taught, and that some of its members only repre-

sent themselves. We deal fully with its proposals elsewhere. They have been received with friendliness, but we note that Dr. Clifford, on the one hand, and Mr. Talbot Baines, on the other, are, on the whole, hostile. The scheme may be described as Mr. Birrell's Bill in its final shape, *plus* a proposal to set up a form of Cowper-Templeism as the standard faith for the public schools. This necessarily dispenses with the old option of the local authority in the matter of religious education, and cuts away the secular solution. That proposal, and the arrangements associating teachers with the giving of religious instruction, form the crux of the conciliation scheme.

It is an interesting fact that probably at this moment no country in the world is enjoying such all-round prosperity as the one great centre of Free Trade. Everywhere in Great Britain is heard the hum of profitable industry. In the United States the recovery from the crisis of 1907 has met with a check, and the vested interests are puzzled and alarmed by the popular movement against the Tariff, the Trusts, and the Republican Party. Germany is busy but poor, and the Empire's public finance is approaching another huge deficit and another call for fresh loans and taxes. But here we see in manufactures, commerce, and finance the utmost buoyancy of sentiment as well as perfect security and soundness in the underlying conditions. The talk about the insecurity of capital was merely electioneering, and it has vanished because politics have given way to the prior claims of money-making. Our own industries never followed those of America into the depths of 1908. But there was a serious increase of unemployment, and a great depression in the building and shipbuilding trades.

THIS depression has now passed away, and we hear of many cases in which the demand for employables largely exceeds the supply. In the cotton trade alone of our great staples there is cause for complaint; but here what is lacking is not demand for the finished article, but supply of the raw material. The failure of last year's American cotton crop has put cotton factories on short time in all parts of the world. The woollen and worsted trades of the West Riding have enjoyed a long spell of extraordinary activity. At the last election a fluent Tariff Reformer, after being beaten in a certain West Riding borough, was summoned to aid Mr. Hewins in the Shipley Division. When, it is said, he was asked to strike the usual lugubrious note of ruined trades and unemployment, he replied querulously, "How can I? In my place all the mills that are not working overtime are working all night."

THE boot and shoe trades and the hosiery trade are almost equally busy, and the lace trade appears to be recovering from its temporary depression. Official figures fully bear out the general feeling of optimism. The pauperism returns for the first quarter of the year showed steady improvement, and at the end of March the ratio of paupers per thousand stood at 22.7, as compared with 23.8 in the corresponding period of 1909. The last Board of Trade Returns dealing with employment in April gave a ratio of unemployed to employed of 4.4 per cent., as compared with 5.2 per cent. at the end of March, and 8.2 per cent. at the end of April, 1909. Finally, if the present promise as to the wheat crop holds good, we may hope for a fourpenny loaf instead of the sixpenny loaf which played such havoc with Liberal electioneering in the counties last January.

THE four Protecting Powers appear to be sanguine of inducing the Cretan Assembly to open its doors once more to the Moslem deputies whom it has expelled. The Cretans themselves have issued a well-reasoned appeal to the Powers, in which once more they plead for Union with Greece, and cite the encouragement which Europe has given them to hope for this consummation. In Constantinople, on the other hand, the Young Turks appear to have been unpleasantly surprised by the proposal of the Powers to return to the *régime* which prevailed in 1908, when M. Zaimis was Governor. Their own plan is to go much further back. There has been an interpellation in the Ottoman Chamber which evoked an amazingly uncandid speech from the Grand Vizier. Crete, he declared, was lost by a mere indiscretion, the accidental killing of an English soldier at Candia. This is an odd way of referring to an officially planned massacre in which seventeen British soldiers and the British Vice-Consul were killed or wounded with the grossest treachery, over one thousand Cretan Christians slaughtered, and the greater part of the Christian quarters burned to the ground. Crete was lost by the deliberate and criminal folly of Abdul Hamid. That chapter of history cannot be reopened.

\* \* \*

THE General Election necessitated in Hungary by the collapse of the Coalition and the split in the Independence Party is resulting in an apparently overwhelming victory for a stop-gap Government, which seemed, when the King-Emperor put it in power, to have no party whatever behind it. The followers of the Premier, Count Khuen Hedervary, number, as we write, some 201 out of the 313 deputies already elected. They are, no doubt, a composite group, and represent in part a revival of the all but extinct Liberals under M. Tisza. Their name, the National Party of Work, indicates a reaction against the flamboyant chauvinism represented by the Kossuthists. Their work will be primarily the passage of a Universal Suffrage law, though whether it will really be an honest measure which will fairly enfranchise the subject races of Hungary remains to be seen. The fragments of the Coalition are represented by groups numbering fourteen, thirty-nine, and twenty-six, under Count Andrássy, M. Kossuth, and M. de Justh. Even these groups, and especially the last, have been driven during the contest into a franker acceptance of universal suffrage.

\* \* \*

If the Duma goes blundering onward to the destruction of Finnish liberties, it will do so in the teeth of a European opinion which has been boldly expressed. After the memorials from Members of Parliament in Great Britain, Belgium, and Germany, a powerfully worded protest has now reached the President from over a hundred Italian deputies, among whom are several ex-Ministers. Meanwhile, the reaction proceeds apace. A local Finnish Governor has just left the service rather than carry out an order from his Russian superior for an illegal arrest. The plan of substituting Russian for Finnish pilots has, however, been abandoned because no competent men could be found. The Duma this week has been engaged in conferring *zemstvos* on the six western provinces of the Pale. It is so drafted as to give the Russian electors an artificial majority. Jews, who in these regions are very numerous, are disqualified both as electors and as members. Let us hope that under these conditions it will be unnecessary in the future to reduce their numbers by periodical pogroms.

MR. ROLLS has achieved a brilliant feat in aviation. On Thursday night he flew on a biplane from Dover to Sangatte, and back to Dover, where he rounded off his achievement by circling round the Castle. This double journey took an hour and a half, or half an hour less than the time in which the fastest Channel boat can accomplish the passage between Calais and Dover.

\* \* \*

OUR Paris correspondent writes:—"When M. Marcel Prévost, a 'Dreyfusard' from the earliest days of the *affaire*, was elected an Academician, folk began to think that a change had come over the spirit of the French Academy, which has so long been a preserve of religious and political reaction. The election of Mgr. Duchesne on May 26th, unexpected even by his friends, was a far more important event, which marks a turning-point in the history of the Academy. For Mgr. Duchesne fills the specifically ecclesiastical chair, left vacant by the death, in October, 1908, of Cardinal Mathieu, an intimate friend of the new Academician, whom he would probably have chosen as his successor, had the choice rested with him. The chair has usually been occupied by a Cardinal or at least a Bishop, chosen rather for his ecclesiastical position than for any other reason. The claims of Mgr. Duchesne were immeasurably superior to those of his opponent, but Mgr. Duchesne is more than suspect of 'Modernism,' his historical works have played havoc with ecclesiastical tradition, he is an official of the French Government, and he is *persona ingrata* at the Vatican. Mgr. Baudrillart, on the other hand, is strictly orthodox in theological matters, and soundly reactionary in political."

\* \* \*

THE newspapers of last week stated specifically that the execution of the man, Jesshope, was postponed on account of the King's funeral, and that it was carried out after that event. We understand that this is quite incorrect. The man's sentence was delayed because of his appeal, and, when that failed, it took place on the first available day. Naturally, therefore, our comment on the report which gained such wide currency entirely falls to the ground. No blame of any kind attaches to the Home Office.

\* \* \*

DR. KOCH, the greatest of modern bacteriologists, died last week at Baden-Baden in his sixty-seventh year. His great work was, of course, the isolation and identification of the tubercle bacillus, and the lymph or tuberculin which he proposed as a cure for the disease. The new remedy was widely advertised and used and, for a time, greatly discredited. It appeared certain that, so far from curing the disease, tuberculin caused it. We believe the truth to have been that Dr. Koch's original culture was far too strong, and, in fact, his early measurements were incorrect. A much milder preparation has since been used, and there is reason to believe that it has succeeded. The second sensational episode of Dr. Koch's career was his dogmatic statement that the tubercle bacillus in cattle was of a different growth from that which caused disease in human-kind. This meant that there was no danger of human infection from the flesh or milk of diseased animals. A dramatic revolution in public sanitation was thus threatened, and science has not yet settled the dispute.

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[We shall publish next week a communication from Mr. T. E. Harvey, M.P., on the educational sirenicon.]



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE RETURN TO REALITY.

Now that the nation has resumed its normal life, it begins to be time that the public should realise that there are great questions and deep social issues which stand precisely where they stood a month ago. We need to get back to realities, and the realities of social affairs at home and abroad are still great and serious as of old. The pressure of poverty is no less severe, its sufferings are as keen as ever. The possibilities of social progress are neither less nor greater; the road that leads to them still lies before us, and at its entrance is fixed, as of old, the constitutional barrier. It has been, apart from all other considerations, a grave misfortune to the popular cause that, at the very moment of crisis, the entire force of the public mind should have been suddenly diverted to a national loss. Yet, if the nation has any fraction of that political sense with which it has been credited, it can let no such stroke of fate divert it, beyond the limit of ten weeks of mourning, from its steady purpose. There remain upwards of forty-one millions of men, women, and children in this kingdom, all of whom have, upon the whole, much the same capacity for joy or suffering; all of whom are affected, in their degree, by the wise or unwise ordering of public affairs; the great majority being, in our view, doomed, in the present ordering of the social system, to a life far inferior to that which they might lead if the hopes of social justice, so keenly aroused of late years, should fructify. We trust, then, that our thinkers and leaders will lose no time now in bringing back the attention of the public to these large and vital issues.

It is, indeed, probable that another cause of quite a different order has worked along with the national mourning to suspend public interest in social problems. Trade is rapidly expanding. The unemployment percentages have already sunk to the normal, and are sinking, we have every reason to hope, to the minimum. There is a prospect that what is already a time of prosperity will develop into a "boom," and at such a moment there is a natural tendency to concentrate on business interests. Unemployment, the ever recurring sore of modern industrialism, is for the time little felt, and when employment is regular the working-classes are apt to ask for little else. Unfortunately, they sometimes forget in times of prosperity that the crest of the wave is as transitory as the trough. We have been through a bad time since 1908. It has passed, but no one can tell how long the spell of fine weather may be. One thing only is certain, that it will not last for ever, and that it affords a good opportunity for laying out plans to meet the rainier day which undoubtedly will come again. For this reason we have always regretted the postponement of that part of the Government's social policy which depended upon the Budget, and if, under the altered circumstances, it should be found possible to initiate the schemes of insurance against sickness, invalidity, and unemployment, promised last year, we think there would be some compensation for the delay in the constitutional

struggle. This side of the social programme may be said to rank as non-contentious legislation, and we do not see that it need interfere with the progress of the main controversy.

As to this central issue, any delay can only be a matter of a few months at most. As things are now, it has become virtually impossible to take the General Election in July. That date is now proposed by the authors of the "truce of God," a sufficient proof that that unctuous phrase was chosen as a cloak for a game in which religion and royalty appear to be equally convenient counters. If July be impossible, January, with the new register, seems the most convenient month. It is certainly the latest possible date to which the final arbitrament can be postponed. The postponement will render it necessary to carry through a Budget for the current year, but, under the favorable circumstances in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to find himself, the Budget need not occasion any especial difficulty. There will, indeed, be heavy expenditure to meet. There is the increasing drain of the "Dreadnoughts," which will continue till the time comes—and there are signs of it already—when the "Dreadnought" principle, and possibly the whole big-battleship craze, will be discredited, when people will discover that the economists were right, and that the millions have been largely wasted. Be that as it may, the cost of "Dreadnought" construction will be heavy this year, and to it will have to be added the cost of abolishing the pauper disqualification for Old Age Pensions, which will affect the last quarter of the year's expenditure. As against these additions, the new taxes of the Budget will be coming into full operation, and the expansion of trade will automatically provide a handsome addition to the revenue. It should, therefore, be possible to keep the new Finance Bill within reasonable compass of controversy and of time, and to clear the course for an autumn campaign on the decisive issue. Of course, if the Lords themselves force the question upon us at an earlier date by adopting schemes of reform which would have the effect of liberating them from the ultimate control of the Royal prerogative, the time-table would be altered. The challenge would be taken up without delay.

The change of situation produced by the death of King Edward has, in fact, made just this unavoidable difference to Ministerial policy. An immediate decision of the issue between the Houses being impeded, the plan of avoiding all other issues save the one can no longer be adhered to. The policy of the Government has to be adjusted to a life probably of twelve months instead of six. These months can be usefully occupied by the social legislation which we have mentioned, and we do not see why they should not also be rendered fruitful by political measures tending to the fuller definition of the constitutional principles of each party. The Plural Voting Bill was passed by a large majority in the last Parliament, and, merely as an experiment, it would be interesting to see whether the House of Lords would be any the more inclined to accept it if framed a second time by a new House of Commons fresh from the electorate. The posi-



tion taken up by the peers is that they are trustees for the people. Their claim is to refer to the constituencies measures which they do not consider to be backed by an adequate mandate. Hence they sometimes hint that the whole difficulty between the Houses turns on the demand that the will of the Commons shall prevail "within a single Parliament." If that is so, it might be assumed that they would accept a measure passed by two successive Parliaments. It would be interesting to test this assumption by the case of the Plural Voting Bill. The Bill of 1906 had some defects, but it would be easy to draft and pass through the Commons a measure which would be in substance identical with the one rejected in the first session of last Parliament. If the Lords pass it, a very notable step will have been taken in the direction of democratising the constituencies. If they reject it, we shall at least have some further light on the constitutional position, and we shall be able to fight, not only for the supremacy of the House of Commons, but for its democratic character.

#### THE NEW MODEL OF STATE SCHOOL.

THE eirenicon offered as an educational compromise by the "Educational Settlement Committee" is a noteworthy document. It would be interesting in itself as an ingenious plan for dealing with a problem seemingly insoluble. It gains additional interest from the list of men and women who have signed it. Many of these have claim to special knowledge in education. Others have claim to represent the various militant sections of public conviction. No one, for example, who has stood for the Nonconformist view can afford to despise a compromise supported by Sir Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Silvester Horne, and Dr. Scott Lidgett. Certain elements are, indeed, lacking. It is unfortunate that no Roman Catholics were members of the Committee, for the strength of the Roman Catholic influence, both in the constituencies chiefly affected and also through the Irish representatives in the House of Commons, would seem to make their adherence to any agreement almost essential, if that agreement is to be realised in practical affairs. A still more unfortunate omission is that of any direct representative of the classes whose children's education is under consideration. None of these gentlemen have ever taught at an elementary school, or been pupils at an elementary school, or are parents of children attending an elementary school. The deficiency becomes especially serious when the discussion turns upon "religious" teaching. There is the general discussion of dogmatic and undogmatic teaching, of teaching under the Cowper-Temple Clause, of teaching religion from a syllabus arranged by a well-meaning body of outside "experts." It would have been well for some of these recommendations if they could come armed with intimate knowledge of the impression of these various classes of "religious" teaching on the mind of the child.

The suggested system follows, on the whole, the lines of Mr. Birrell's Bill of 1906. In its main outlines, it is very little distinguishable from the Bill as it

finally left the House of Commons in the December of that year, with the support of the Irish as well as of the Liberal and Labor members. It is true that there are set out in detail certain concessions which then were "adumbrated" by Mr. Birrell. These concerned the security of the famous "Clause IV. Schools"—denominational schools in urban areas—and were accepted as satisfactory by the Irish representatives of the Roman Catholics. The House of Lords, however, refused to accept the Bill with these concessions, and there seems no reason to suppose that they would accept the similar Bill which would be drafted on the lines of the Educational Settlement Committee. The negotiations then broke down on the question of the teaching of "denominational" religion in schools transferred to the public authority. The Lords, led by the Bishops, insisted that the teachers should be allowed to "volunteer" to give it. The majority in the Commons insisted that such volunteering would, in practice, especially in the villages, become compulsion. Both sides refused to give way, and the Bill was dropped. Here the Settlement Committee have come, in the main, to the Liberal position. They would permit the assistant teachers to volunteer, but would forbid the head teacher to give denominational teaching. In the bulk of village schools, the head teacher is practically the only teacher, and here the Liberal contention has been accepted.

We are convinced that any settlement short of the final secular solution must follow the main lines here set forth. They must go back, that is to say, to the Birrell rather than to the later McKenna and Runciman attempts to find "a way out." The present manifesto will be supported by all who care for educational efficiency in its root and branch condemnation of the "contracting out" system. It was a counsel of despair—definite acknowledgment that the forces making for religious dissension were too strong for the forces making for educational progress. Another unchallengeable principle in any settlement is the differentiation between single school areas and areas where a choice of schools is offered. The definite declaration that a popularly managed school, with a "neutral" atmosphere, must be made easily available for every child in the country, carries at once four-fifths of the contention for which Liberals are fighting. It means the liberation of all the village schools from clerical control. It means the throwing open of all the thousands of headmasterships in rural England to that large proportion of the teaching profession which cannot accept in conscience the principles of the Anglican faith. It means, in a word, just that act which Mr. Balfour ought to have performed when he threw the "voluntary schools" upon the rates.

It is when we come to examine the provisions dealing with specific religious teaching that we find most subject for criticism. The Educational Settlement Committee are apparently united in one thing—devotion to the Establishment and Endowment of religion in the schools—a conviction that the work of religious education cannot be left (amongst the poorer classes) to the churches and the parents, but must receive all the pressure, monetary support, and prestige which State assist-

ance can bring. The settlement is, in many respects, more determinedly a religious endowment than was that of 1870. At a time when Bible teaching has become far more difficult, when the history, and even the morality, of sections of the Hebrew literature are less generally accepted, the State is to make deliberate advance against the secular solution by incorporating this teaching more firmly in every school in the kingdom. The acceptance of definite denominational atmosphere schools (Clause IV. schools) in the national system is probably a necessity of the time. Here the operative demand of the parent cannot be overridden. But even here it might be thought that the definite, dogmatic, denominational teaching should be paid for by the adherents of the religion who desire it, as, indeed, happens in the secondary denominational schools to-day. The Committee protest that they cannot satisfy the passive resister, and advise him "e'en to grin and bear it." He would be largely satisfied, even with the concession of a denominational "atmosphere" in history and arithmetic, so long as the particular dogmas which consigned himself and his children to everlasting destruction were not taught out of public funds to which he himself contributes.

Our criticism, however, is less concerned with the urban and somewhat rare "Clause IV." school than with the new treatment in the normal public school, the Council School. Here every effort compatible with the maintenance of a formal but unworkable "conscience clause" is to be made to squeeze the children into dogmatic or undogmatic teaching; every effort compatible also with a formal but unworkable conscience clause is to be made to squeeze the teacher into giving that teaching. The head teacher is not to be allowed to give "denominational" teaching. But he is permitted, and even encouraged, to give "Cowper-Temple" teaching, under the guidance of a committee of experts. And the man or woman who refuses to volunteer to give such teaching will recognise, from the beginning, that, in such a refusal, he jeopardises his whole future scholastic career. The preservation of what is, in fact, a severe "test" of conscientious belief is advocated just at the time when the class from which the teachers are drawn find reconciliation more and more difficult between the old-fashioned theology deduced from Genesis or from Joshua and their own religious belief. Again, to-day any school authority is at liberty to abandon the State teaching of religion and confine itself to purely secular subjects. The Committee propose the withdrawal of this privilege. Either the Council must provide Cowper-Temple teaching, or, if they refuse, they must throw open the doors to any advocates of any other faith who choose to enter. Another provision ensures that the present head teachers, in all the village schools, shall remain free to give Church teaching so long as they remain there, which would mean, in practice, the expiration of twenty, thirty, or forty years, in many cases, before the village school becomes "neutralised" or impartial to all religions. The Anson bye-law is accepted and extended. But the Committee will have nothing to do with Clause VII. of Mr. Birrell's original Bill, which

allowed parents to withdraw their children from the religious teaching if they disapproved of it. The State exercises its determination that the child shall be taught *some* religion by some recognised exponents. The magistrate, in Gibbon's words, finds all religions "equally useful." But the child whose parent refuses all such ministrations must be brought to school, segregated in a separate pen, and instructed—amid the gibes of its more pious comrades—in mathematics or the use of globes. We seem to detect a note running through the eirenicon of a resolute determination that the children of the poor, lest they stray into Socialism and discontent, must be forced into some kind of religious instruction, compounded from a syllabus prepared for them by their betters. There was an old Liberal doctrine that the State has nothing to do with creating a religion, enforcing a religion, maintaining a religion, subsidising a religion—that religion, in essence, was an affair of the Church and the home. It would appear that the collectivist organisation, to which the twentieth century is said to be hastening, is to transfer itself from the region of business and trade to the region of the conscience. Acquiescence in a collective religion is to be encouraged amongst the children of the poor because (in the hope of some) this collective religion will discourage the children of the poor from the demand for a collectivist society.

#### AN IMPERTINENCE AND A POLICY.

MR. ROOSEVELT has at last achieved novelty, if he has fallen short of originality. The views upon the present state of Egypt, to which he gave a certain spluttering emphasis at Guildhall on Tuesday, are those which all the lesser members of the English colony in Cairo have been ventilating for some weeks past. They may be read in the correspondence columns of the "Egyptian Gazette"; they may be read in the telegrams of the "Daily Express." The novelty lay only in this, that the person who expressed them happens to be the former head of a great Republic, whose jack-boot doctrine is enough to make the martyrs and heroes of American liberty turn in their graves. So violent a reference to the internal politics of a State which is virtually a British dependency makes an unwonted demand on our tolerance of foreign criticism. To lecture your host while you partake of his hospitality might present itself to a more sensitive taste than Mr. Roosevelt's as something of an impertinence. But we need not make an international question of the Guildhall performance. Had Mr. Roosevelt gone to St. Petersburg and there delivered himself of a plea for Finnish liberty, we should have applauded his courage and backed his intervention. No State nowadays lives in isolation, and the knowledge that their actions are watched by foreign critics may have a salutary effect upon statesmen, more particularly upon statesmen responsible for the fortunes of a subject race. And it would be foolish to quarrel with the crudity of phrase and the tactlessness of form which distinguished this unconventional outburst. By a fortunate provision of nature the man whose mind lacks subtlety and the power of sympathetic imagination is rarely endowed with

suavity of speech. These blunt and rasping sentences enable us to gauge the intellect behind them. They are worth exactly what a criticism on some nice point of literature would be worth from a man who spoke in slang and murdered grammar. For it does not even seem to have occurred to Mr. Roosevelt that the situation which he hastily scanned at Cairo is one of complexity and delicacy. He boasted, indeed, of the intimate acquaintance with the problems of Africa which he had acquired while hunting (under the limelight) in Uganda. But his views on Egyptian politics were fully formed and uttered to the world in a public speech within a day of his arrival in Cairo. He tore out the heart of the Egyptian mystery as he might have trampled through a jungle. The ablest men, intimate with the East, learned in Mohammedan lore, may doubt and question, hope and fear, as they watch the struggle of old and new and the mingling of an Oriental nationalism with the cosmopolitan modern spirit. To Mr. Roosevelt the Egyptians are simply a "fanatical" and "uncivilised" people, and the suggestion that they are worthy of any destiny save that of being ruled by some European Power is dismissed as mere "sentimentality." Frankly, we fail to see that such an opinion deserves more weight than that of the first Cook's tourist who imbibes a casual prejudice in the smoking-room of Shephard's Hotel, and vents it in a letter to a provincial newspaper. There is this difference, that Mr. Roosevelt is a tourist who carries with him round the world his own sounding-board, and uses it for American more than for English ears. These crude opinions, these tyrannical incitements, this contemptuous rhetoric, will go out to Egypt to form one element the more of difficulty in the position of vexation and anxiety which natives and Englishmen have alike conspired to create for Sir Eldon Gorst.

On one point we are disposed to agree with Mr. Roosevelt. The present state of things is intolerable, and only a bold resolve can end it. Twice within a few weeks the authority of the Occupation has suffered a sharp rebuff. The first defeat was the rejection by the General Assembly of the scheme for prolonging the concession of the Suez Canal Company. The second episode is much the more serious. The Grand Mufti, acting as the head of the Mohammedan Church in the exercise of rights which undoubtedly are his, has refused his sanction to the execution of Wardani, the murderer of the late Premier, Boutros Pasha. If Wardani is hanged, the people will see in his death an affront to their religion and a defiance of the Sacred Law. If he is not hanged, our prestige will have suffered the severest blow which any native could possibly inflict upon it. The dilemma would not be serious if the Grand Mufti were really a pedantic jurist, influenced by the reactionary quibbles which he advanced in his written judgment. But the plain fact is that he is simply the average man, voicing the mob opinion under the influence of the terrorism exercised by a passionate national spirit. This angry sense of solidarity had its beginning in the Denshawai affair. We chose then in a moment of panic—and what is more "sentimental" than panic?—to organise a

dramatic judicial murder of a few peasants, who deserved, at the worst, a brief imprisonment. Egypt rose in fury, and, under the guidance of a man of real genius, the late Mustafa Kamel, what had been a little clique of students and journalists became a national party. It dominated Cairo from the salon of its emancipated Princess down to the cafés frequented by porters and donkey-boys. It turned with especial fury on the Moderates. Even the judges and the lawyers learned that this Nationalist crowd was a more formidable master than their English over-lords. The very advocate who had pursued the Denshawai prisoners with supple special pleading, was fain, after four years of ostracism and persecution, to come forward as the defender of Wardani. In this passion for self-rule no moral or legal or prudential distinction can survive. The Khedive, once on the way to become a national hero, while Lord Cromer was on bad terms with him, is to-day despised, because he has made his peace with Sir Eldon Gorst. Boutros Pasha, an inoffensive politician, became an arch-enemy of the people, because he seemed to be an instrument of English policy. Wardani, who shot him in cold blood, is a martyr whom Islam itself hastens to shield. Five years ago we had merely the students as our foes. For four years we have had the people against us. Already the clerical element is hostile. To-morrow the native army may follow.

A choice is forced upon us. We may do what Mr. Roosevelt and his school advises—play the rough-rider with the "forms" of the law, execute Wardani, defy the religion of the people, deport its leaders, suppress the newspapers, ignore the consultative assemblies which are just acquiring a real power, and rule as the conscious autocrat who relies on force alone. The attempt would probably succeed. There would be some bloodshed, some terrorism, some riots, and perhaps some mutinies in the army. But if we cared to pay the price of maintaining an adequate army of occupation, we might keep Nationalism down. If we are in Egypt, as Mr. Roosevelt declares, simply to "keep order," this is the proper course. It is the statesmanship of the policeman, the policy of the "big stick." But if we are in Egypt, as we ourselves have always professed, to educate the Egyptians and to help them to rule themselves, it would be the bankruptcy of our ideals, the failure of our efforts, the triumph of race-ascendency. The men who advocate it are also the men who fulminate against Sir Eldon Gorst, because in the Soudan he has allowed it to be proclaimed that a native need no longer dismount from his camel when he meets an Englishman, and because in Egypt he has announced that promotion will be given by preference to teachers who are able to give their lessons in the vernacular. The hope of educating a nation has gone when it reaches towards its masters the degree of distrust and dislike which are general to-day.

There is one alternative expedient, and one only, which could bring peace without the stamping out of everything in Egypt which shows the beginnings of courage and self-reliance—the grant of a Constitution. It matters little with what checks and safeguards it is weighted. It would be possible to retain English expert



officials. It would probably be necessary to keep a British garrison. Our subjects would continue to enjoy the privileges of the capitulations, and the protection of the Mixed and Consular Courts. The debt must necessarily remain under European control. The essential thing is that over the main concerns of national life an elected body should hold sway. It would make mistakes both of omission and commission. But it could make no mistake more ghastly than the capital blunder of Denshawai, and be guilty of no neglect more serious than the starving of education which went on under Lord Cromer. Against this course there is only one argument that is honest. It might at first retard the economic expansion of Egypt and even depreciate the value of the capital which Englishmen have invested in the Nile Valley. But to use that argument is to admit, in Mill's phrase, that we are not governing Egypt; we are farming it.

### CRETE AND THE NEW TURKISH NATIONALISM.

WE do not know what the protecting Powers will decide to do in Crete, but we devoutly hope that they will not act so as to encourage the Turkish Chauvinism which, we are afraid, has had a good deal to do with the present phase of the Cretan difficulty. When Europe welcomed the Turkish Revolution, it thought that it was acclaiming the advent of a progressive element in Eastern Europe. In some respects, it was not mistaken. The new *régime* has given Turkey a re-organised army and as reasonably honest and efficient a civil administration as could be built up out of the materials left by Hamidian rule. Its first movement was in the direction of political liberty for the Christian peoples within the Empire. Gratitude as well as policy pointed the way of reform. The revolution was welcomed and aided, not only by Turks, but by Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians. Greece was then put off with hints and promises which were never fulfilled, largely because an aggressive Turkish nationalism has replaced the early liberal ideas of the revolutionists. There is reason to suspect that the Government itself was not guiltless in the matter of the second and terrible massacre of Adana. It is undoubtedly responsible for the attempt to force the Arabic script on Albania, and the reaction of the Albanian revolt appears in the anti-Greek agitation in the capital and in Asia Minor, and the anti-Greek spirit which, during last week, found scandalous expression, not only in the Turkish Chamber, but on the lips of the Grand Vizier. Everyone knows that Greece has no responsibility for what has happened in Crete, and that, if Cretan legislators and patriots insist on taking the oath of allegiance to King George, they act without encouragement from Athens. What, therefore, does Turkey want? She can only fight for paper supremacy. If she wants to re-conquer Crete, she had better understand at once that she will not be allowed to do so. A Liberal Government can hardly have forgotten Lord Salisbury's maxim that a province once released from Turkish rule must not revert to it. Turkey can, if she

pleases, forfeit the sympathies of Liberal Europe. But the protecting Powers will not permit an invasion of an island whose soil still reeks with the blood of her children, and if they did, the enemies of the new *régime* in Turkey could wish her no more disastrous enterprise. Neither will they consent to a trumped-up war with Greece. Greece has claims on European sympathy which the errors of the last few years have not obliterated. To a liberal and tolerant Turkey all the world wishes well; an aggressive Mohammedan Power will speedily awaken to a widely different European opinion.

But there is one step which we hope the protecting Powers will not take. The Cretan Assembly has, in our view, acted very unwisely in expelling the Moslem delegates. These delegates may have aimed at expulsion; if so, their tactics have succeeded. But the Mohammedans of Crete have had real grievances, and the loss of representation simply adds to them. Their members should therefore be taken back to the Chamber when it meets in June. When that restitution is made, there remains no excuse for reversion to the *status quo ante* 1908. The Powers then withdrew their troops, and thus made clear their tacit assent to reunion with Greece. The act was theirs, and the responsibility for what followed is theirs. In the absence of specific ill-treatment of the Mohammedan farmers, the question comes to an end with the return of the delegates. Even if the delegates remain outside the Chamber, we see only mischief in the revival of the High Commissionership, backed, we suppose, by international troops. Neither M. Zaimis, nor any other Greek, will find Crete willing to receive him on the old terms. If he fails and anarchy ensues, what do the Powers propose? Eternal opposition to the union with Greece, which they themselves promoted and prepared for? The Turks can never be re-admitted, especially after Adana; the island will not resign its aspirations. Greece lost one opportunity in 1908, for which she has paid the usual penalty of over-prudence. But her chance may recur; Turkey's is lost for ever, and if she tries to regain it by force, she may lose at once her new friends and her old Empire.

### NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

WE suppose there are many Englishmen who hold a genuine belief that forces of affection and self-interest are moving the self-governing portions of our Empire in the direction of closer political and commercial union. A superficial consideration of the recent growth of Imperial Conferences, Tariff Preferences, concerted schemes of Imperial defence, and of innumerable Congresses and other informal gatherings for generating and emitting pan-Britannic sentiments, supports the notion. Indeed, it is true that the last two decades have induced ardent Imperialists, both in this country and in our Colonies, to attempt to stay the tendency to national independence which the history of the last half-century has disclosed in all our self-governing dominions. The phrase and the idea of "Imperial Federation" have allured many minds, from the time when the folly and futility of Colonial subjection were first made manifest

by the American Revolution. Ambitious and patriotic statesmen, such as Lord Carnarvon in the last generation and Mr. Chamberlain in ours, have seen in the federation of groups of Colonies the first stage in a natural evolution of events.

A closer and more dispassionate study of Colonial history leads to the conclusion that not merely is this group-federation no instrument for the operation of forces making for Imperial federation, but that it is antagonistic to closer union on the wider basis. In a word, it belongs not to Imperialism but to Nationalism. What has been happening is the gradual emergence of groups of dependent Colonies into the status of independent nations, enjoying full and equal powers of self-government under the British Crown. The Imperialism of recent years, inflamed to a brief, unnatural intensity by the events of the South African war, is in its strength, substance, and endurance, no counterpoise to this nationalism. Whenever the two sentiments or the interests related to them appear to conflict, no doubt as to the issue can possibly be entertained. The new nations will give tariff preference to the Mother-Country, just so far and so long as this course involves no interference with the development of national industries or with full liberty in negotiating profitable trade with foreign nations. The recent history of the Canadian tariffs, in which the full preference is whittled down, by special exemptions for alleged injuries to "home" industries, and by commercial treaties with European countries, affords convincing proof of the predominance of Nationalist over Imperialist considerations. Hardly less striking is the testimony furnished by the deliberations on Imperial defence, and the policy adopted by the Colonies in their new naval and military arrangements. No one who has followed carefully the actual arrangements and the proposals of the Canadian and the Australian Governments can fail to detect their absolute determination to maintain the paramountcy of national over Imperial considerations of defence. The reservation of the right to decide whether they will or will not permit their ships and military forces to be utilised as an integral part of the arms of the Empire on the particular occasion of a war, stands as the most explicit Colonial declaration of national self-dependence.

But the publication, a few days since, of a White Paper relating to the negotiations of treaties between Colonies and Foreign Powers adds a new and particularly interesting item to the charter of colonial freedom. As late as 1895, Lord Ripon still claimed that, as in the case of a treaty, consisting, substantially, of an agreement between a colony and a foreign country, it is the Empire which technically acts as the treaty-making Power; so the negotiations must be conducted by "Her Majesty's representative at the Court of the Foreign Power," on the ground that, "to give Colonies the power of negotiating treaties for themselves, without reference to Her Majesty's Government, would be to give them an international status as separate from sovereign States." It now appears that Sir Edward Grey, in the recent arrangements for new commercial relations between Canada and France, has allowed the negotiations to be conducted directly by Canadian

Ministers, instead of by our Ambassador at Paris. Though the draft Convention thus arranged was still, of course, submitted to His Majesty's Government for general approval, the Ambassador was authorised to accept any verbal or other minor alterations agreed to by the Canadian representatives, without further reference to the Secretary of State. We cannot regard this new procedure of our Foreign Office as one of mere convenience. It seems to embody a fresh and clearer recognition of the substantial right of a Colonial Government to determine, and to negotiate for themselves, commercial and other arrangements with Foreign Powers which do not affect directly other parts of the Empire. Perhaps, indeed, as the "Times" recognises, it signifies an acceptance of the view that, "as the Canadian, the Australian, the South African, or the New Zealand Government is as much His Majesty's Government as the British Government, they can all negotiate with equal right, if not with equal authority, in the King's name." So far as commerce is concerned, the substance of such a right of treaty-making is involved in the whole policy of fiscal independence now enjoyed for half a century. Though treaties or conventions thus negotiated may, in point of fact, affect, to an appreciable degree, our own trade, as in the case of the recent arrangements made by Canada with France and Germany, still more in the case of the contemplated treaty with the United States, we cannot claim to overrule the right of a colony to disregard these secondary interests, however important. If Canadian-American reciprocity injures our trade, we must suffer the injury with no thought of redress.

Some more delicate problems lurk, however, in the background. Where territorial or other political rights are matters of controversy or negotiation, it is now expressly understood that the self-governing colony, which may be primarily and principally affected, shall have an important and, in general, a predominant voice in the settlement. But it is evident that circumstances might arise in which the supreme authority of His Majesty's Government, acting on behalf of the Empire as a whole, must be exerted. If, for instance, peace or war, or the important interests of some part of the Empire not self-governing hinged on the negotiations, it would be impossible to concede that full liberty which the new status of nationalism might appear to warrant. Certain hard facts still blur the lines of "national" evolution. The British Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council still possess certain rights of Imperial control. Furthermore, the fact that a declaration of war between Great Britain and a Foreign Power would necessarily involve the self-governing Colonies, whether they approved the "Imperial policy" or not, is a limitation upon the nationalist conception of defence which has not yet been adequately appreciated. The main tendency of forces, national and sentimental, makes quite manifestly towards even larger independence. But it remains to be seen what is the minimum of effective Imperial control required by the modern conditions of nations desiring to live in security and amity under a common King and flag.

## Life and Letters.

### WITH SLING AND STONE.

It was fine to buffet and bite and clapperclaw each other, rolling in slime or leaping from forest bough to bough, until low cunning discovered that skulls may be cracked at a distance by rocks hurled through the air. It was not bad to fight with stones attached to strings, and with clubs and prongs, till a terrible invention of bent wood and twisted gut drove a feathered stick from behind a bush through the cowhide over one's heart. It was a great occasion when the Marquis of Toledo went to his renowned workers in steel and ordered new suits of armor on his own design. "All the parts," he said, "must be made of solid plates, overlapping at the joints. The polished breastplate must project so that the arrows, impinging upon it at an angle, may glance harmlessly off. The whole of my body that is exposed so long as I am mounted must be armored, and so must my horse. Narrow slits may be left in the helmet for sighting the enemy, but my nose must be protected by an extra bar, and in front of the horse's forehead you must contrive a long spike to act as a ram. Shorter spikes must project from the main joints of my own armor also, and the side-plates of the horse must hang round him like a skirt or net to counter insidious attacks from below. Add what embellishment of inlaid gold arabesque you please, but not too much: for I want eight suits and am very impatient, seeing that the Marquis of Carcassonne has ordered four."

So, one glitter of steel from head to foot, the Marquis of Toledo rode out to battle, sweating but safe—safe as milk in a kettle is against the cat—until someone approached with a newfangled blowpipe, and, having kindled a mixture of saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur at one end, discharged through it, with horrible noise, a small cube of iron, which, striking that polished breastplate at an angle, never glanced off as was expected, but went right through. Whereon a riderless horse was seen flouncing about the field, and eight exquisitely wrought suits of armor (one slightly damaged) have ever since hung in the Royal Museum at Madrid.

It is always so. Men have spent more time and thought on devising means of killing each other than on any other subject, except food, and their admirable ingenuity in trying to avoid being killed is continually defeated by fresh development of ingenuity in killing. Cowhide, armor, castle wall, and heart of oak—one after another they have rotted into archæology, or serve for picnics and tourist memorials. With increasing rapidity, change succeeds change: the defences of the South African War are already Victorian, and battleships fall obsolete before they swim. Who said "Dreadnoughts?" Hardly have we emptied our purses upon them, hardly have we poured income-tax, land-tax, supertax, and death duties into the ravening gulf they have made, hardly have we drained our country dry to order the eight for which we clamored, when still, small voices here and there arise, wondering, questioning, doubting whether "Dreadnoughts" are of much more service now than the Marquis of Toledo's armor.

Year by year we have piled up the increase of battleships in size and price—pre-"Dreadnoughts," "Dreadnoughts," super-"Dreadnoughts"—so they go. In twenty years the displacement has risen from the 11,000 tons of the "Triumph" to the 26,000 tons of the "Conqueror" that will be completed two years from now. At least four ships will then have surpassed the "Dreadnought" herself by 8,000 tons, and already vessels to which these will seem hardly bigger than "King Edwards" seemed to them are being ordered for the United States, and devised for our own Admiralty. Step by step the corresponding price is mounting up; three-quarters of a million, one million, one and a half, two millions—even two and a half and three millions—are now coming well in sight. But what is the good of it all? ask those questioning voices. What was the good of steel breastplate with arabesque embellishments

when gunpowder was kindled at the end of a tube? What is the good of super-"Dreadnoughts" when the narrow seas are quick with mines, torpedoes, and submarines?

The voices are many. Mr. Wells has raised his warning prophecy; Colonel Repington speaks in this month's "Blackwood"; Mr. Arnold White asks his searching questions in our correspondence to-day, and Mr. Arnold White was among the first advocates of the "Dreadnought" type. Other voices are heard, the more significant because nameless. "In case of war," says one, "the first thing we should do would be to withdraw the 'Dreadnoughts' from danger." "In the North Sea," says another, "nothing could venture out but destroyers and submarines." But a destroyer is to a "Dreadnought" about as cheap and lightly covered as a naked man to the Marquis of Toledo in his armor. As gunpowder brought all fighting men on land back to nakedness and a cloth, will torpedoes cut down our giant ships to little boats not much thicker than a biscuit tin? Let us hear what Colonel Repington, himself a diligent student of all warfare, has to say:—

"I think," he writes, "that the North Sea falls within the category of narrow waters which eventually must, by a process of evolution which is taking place under our eyes, become practically closed on the outbreak of war, and possibly throughout the war, to the operations of sea-going fleets and cruisers. I think that the great ships to which we devote so much money every year—though they have been, are, and may for a few years more be necessary—will within a limited period of time become useless for most operations of which the North Sea and the Channel will be the theatre."

Or, again:—

"Our great and costly battleships and cruisers must (in time of war) be stowed away safely in some distant, safe, and secluded anchorage—Scapa Flow and Portsmouth to-day, Berehaven and Lough Swilly perhaps to-morrow. The North Sea in time of war will be a desert of waters, insecure to both sides, open to neither, commanded by none."

What an appalling shock sentences like these will give to the panic-mongers of the last two years! If one thing is more certain than another, it is that the "Dreadnoughts" have been built, and are being built, to act in the North Sea. Either "Dreadnoughts" or conscription, we were told. "We dare not sleep in our beds till we have two keels to one," shrieked the terrified descendants of Drake and Froisher. But hardly have they settled down to the slumber of security, when they are roused by the cry that all the "Dreadnoughts" in creation could in case of war only be stowed away in some safe, distant, and secluded anchorage. The path for invasion is left open—insecure, but open. The North Sea is bare as a desert, commanded by none. What was the good of all that shouting, all that spending, which so much upset the City and the House of Lords? We must have conscription, after all; we must go and get drilled; we must sign the People's Petition to be turned into soldiers. We cannot sleep another minute, for there is nothing on the sea between us and Germany now, and all the "Dreadnoughts" might as well be scrapped, or converted into health resorts for trips to the midnight sun. Alas for the vanity of human wishes!

There is no one so ludicrous as people who live in fear, and we cannot but smile at this new line of panic—this new attempt to bring us all under the drill-sergeant. But, in so far as it is simply a matter of naval tactics depending on armament, the main point must be considered and answered. We do not mean that the Admiralty have not considered it; of course, since the refusal of the Hague Conference to prohibit the use of marine mines, it has been one of their chief concerns. Add the great development of the submarine, the torpedo, and the airship, and it is obvious that when "Dreadnoughts" put out into a narrow sea, the life on board will correspond to the prayer "to live each day as 'twere the last." We imagine the Admiralty might reply that the North Sea is not really narrow, but a very large area that cannot become a lake; that, in case of the incredible folly of war with Germany, there could at first be no better positions for our battle fleets than Scapa Flow and Dover, sealing up both entrances to



the sea and ruining the enemy's sea-borne trade, while the flotillas, in which we possess an immense advantage of numbers and skill, would act like cavalry, scouring the water, scouting, destroying the enemy's flotillas and mines; that the aim of torpedoes is very uncertain, and grows more uncertain as we build our battleship-cruisers with continually increasing speed, so that the new "Dreadnoughts" will command a speed on any sea such as no destroyer can equal, except at dead calm; that, if it comes to the worst, the "Dreadnoughts" are more immune against mines and torpedoes than any battleship yet constructed, and would probably keep afloat after the most terrible blow; and, finally, that there are new methods of guarding against torpedo, and even submarine, attack.

We cannot say. We only ask notice for the landmen's view, for clear-sighted prophets, though landmen, are often right when experts are blinded by habit. But, if "Dreadnoughts" are maintained for ten years more, and that incredible war should come to pass, we have a strange vision of them as they put to sea for the second or third stage of the warfare. Around each vast monster flits a multitude of destroyers and rapid automobiles, firing at every float, testing almost every wave, while over her head hover several aeroplanes, peering down into the depths of ocean for submarines. As when, upon Afric's golden sand, the dragon crocodile basks secure, watched by attendant birds, who stand beside him or hover above his head. They, at the sight of danger, rouse him with piercing cries, and he, grateful for their ministry, arches his monstrous back and slides into the safety of the water, fearing alone the one wild beast that, from invisible distance and with imperceptible bullet, can pierce the joints of his overlapping mail, and paralyse the sections of his water-tight compartments.

#### PURITANISM AND ART.

It is interesting to note that Carlyle generally misquotes one of his favorite passages in Goethe. The poet, in his "Generalbeichte," utters an "earnest word" of rebuke to those who have not taken the joy of life when they might, and have failed to shut the mouth of the Philistine when he babbled. They shall have absolution when they shall endeavor unceasingly

"Uns vom Halben zu entwöhnen  
Und im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen,  
Resolut zu leben."

When a man strives thus to break the habit of the Half and to live resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful, he is, the artist might say, not far from the Kingdom of Heaven. Carlyle misquotes the second line

"Und im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren:"

for the Beautiful he substitutes, perhaps unconsciously, at any rate instinctively, the True, and he also will rid himself of the Half and live in the Whole. That, we feel, is the real life, whatever we are; but whether we read the line with Goethe or Carlyle, whether we emphasise the True or the Beautiful, decides, and is decided by, our general outlook on life. The Puritan reads with Carlyle, and the Artist tells him that *Wahren* breaks the harmony of the verse, and of more than the verse, and that the archetype is, and must be, *Schönen*. And some will ask if they are not the same, and the various readings the outcome of permanent elements in human nature.

Long ago Plato had felt the same contrast. He had spoken of "the ancient quarrel between poetry and philosophy." There are those who find in this a trace of his feeling toward the art and poetry of his day—the degenerate and self-conscious utterance of temperaments of no great depth and a great deal too ingenious. There is little doubt that Plato was not in tune with the poetry of his day, but Mr. Gilbert Murray is unquestionably

right when he suggests that the quarrel is not between great philosophy and petty art or bad art, but between Philosophy and Art. There is a quarrel between them, even if it is a friendly one. The poet, as Plato shows elsewhere, depends on another inspiration, and takes another route than the philosopher. If he come "without madness" to the doors of the Muses, they are closed against him, and the poetry of the "sober" is eclipsed by that of the "madman" and the "enthusiast." If there is a gentle irony in these words of Plato, they are none the less true, as he knew from experience. The creative impulse puts a man outside himself; he is a new creature, transformed with a life he does not understand, and he creates what will do almost as much for another. The true sublime, as Longinus said, gives the soul wings, and it soars on high, glad and gay, proud as if it had itself created what the artist has given it. That is true enough; but is this philosophy? What business has a philosopher to take fire, to surrender his personality, to let his soul go soaring in this way? His business is with fact, and he must control imagination and drive away fancy; madness is no frame for him; he must be "sober," desperately and doggedly "sober," if he is to do anything.

"But when I sit down to reason—think to take my stand nor swerve  
Till I triumph o'er a secret wrong from nature's close reserve,  
In you come with your cold music, till I creep thro' every nerve."

Well may he exclaim, "This is very sad to find." The poet and the philosopher has each his own road to travel, and he must not leave it; the other man must let him alone; but each, as he nears his goal, will see the other again, and probably long before that he will surmise it is one goal that both seek. It is the man for whom Poetry and Music have meaning who speaks in this way, asserting a claim for independence, just as the strongest poets have had to resist philosophy. Yet this is not understood by everybody.

The fact is that endless nonsense is talked about art, poetry, music, and painting. This is, above all, the age of the artistic temperament, and it is less to our credit than we suppose. We are all "artistic" nowadays, just as we all have humor, and, as some people would have us believe, we are all Socialists. And how little it means! How little we achieve in art! and how sure we are we appreciate it! and how shrill we grow when we are criticised, when the Puritan tells us we are small and shallow! The artistic temperament, vague, impressionable, moody, susceptible to the appeal of great art, if it is not too great, but quite incapable of it, is, above all others, intolerant of Puritanism. How could it be otherwise? But, granting that Puritanism and the artistic temperament clash, how is it with Art?

Mr. Joseph Crouch, in his interesting book on "Puritanism and Art" (Casell), goes to history to find out what exactly have been the relations of Puritans with Art. He analyses and discusses the nature of Art and the spirit of Puritanism. The evidence he cites shows conclusively that Puritans have *not* been enemies of Art, though they have often fallen foul of the artistic temperament and the antiquarian. He shows how Art has been associated pre-eminently with that faith and that sense of reality without which Puritanism is not—in fact, that irreconcilable as is the temper of Puritanism face to face with degenerate art, with the art of the Jesuits or the theatre of Charles II., none the less the Puritan has loved Art, and has "created" as none but the greatest artists can. Spenser, Milton, and Michael Angelo are good enough evidence, or Plato himself; while, for what some of our friends would call sheer ferocious Philistinism, there is nothing to equal Sir Guyon destroying the amenities and the artistic beauties of the Garden of Acrasia. Beauty made the bait of sin, the Puritan feels, must be destroyed; and, when the artist himself reflects, he will agree that the product of art, which involves falsity—discrepancy with the great truths of this universe—ought to be abolished without mercy. Venus Kallipygos is pretty enough, but she is not the creation of great

artists. Goddess, woman or sculptor, in whom move the beauty and the wonder and the power of this glorious thing which we call the world, will look another way.

It is, of course, Matthew Arnold who gave the cue—or at least the quotation—to the smaller critics of Puritanism—"middle-class Philistinism," "the undesirable provincialism of the English Puritans and Protestant Nonconformists." Easy words from our great man, the Englishman who has come nearest of us all to combining snobbery and genius. Yet it must be remembered that it is from middle-class Philistinism, somehow or other, that the great artists and poets have come in Greece, in Italy, and in England—Browning from the Congregational Chapel in Walworth, Burne-Jones from the Birmingham of Dr. Dale and Mr. Chamberlain, those undesirable provincials whom Arnold coupled so cleverly. Art must come from such regions—from circles at once free from the immediate dread of hunger and from the glorious immunity of those who toil not nor spin, and who are protected against the pressure which means perception of the world's real facts and forces. Mr. Mackail, in writing of William Morris, has put this strongly and truly:—

"Certainly it is among those sections of society, whether rich or poor, which have drifted furthest away from English Puritanism, that art as a factor of life is most utterly dead. And the beginnings, as yet feeble and groping, of a new birth of art among the people, are stirring most among what used to be called the Puritan middle-class, and are closely associated with the specific qualities of Puritanism; its earnestness, its plain and pure living, its habitual direction of thought towards matters of more than trivial and material import."

Puritanism and Art have this in common—an earnestness for which one thing matters and all else is subsidiary. "This one thing I do," "One thing I know," are words familiar to the Puritan; and are they not as true of the artist? His is not the artistic temperament, pure and simple; or, if it is, it is transformed by an intensity and a passion that the temperamental and the impressionist do not understand. To the Puritan proper, once the thing is laid open, it needs no explanation; it is the spirit in which he lives. There are many degrees of knowledge, of perception and experience, and Puritan and artist have them in the intensest degree. There are some two dozen or so letters of the alphabet, but the man who has been branded with two of them, and the woman who has worn the Scarlet Letter, know their own letters, as they know none of the rest, and as we know none at all—and they know, too, the difference between knowing and knowing. Artist and Puritan *know* in this kind of way. They *know* a few letters of God's tracing—burnt in on them; and when they meet men who have this kind of knowledge, even if the letters are not precisely the same, they recognise a true kinship. The smaller fry do not—neither the "antiquitarian" with his passion for what Milton called "the ghost of a linen decency," for "Palls and Miters, Gold and Guegaws fetcht from Aaron's old Wardrobe or the *Flamins Vestry*"—nor the artistic temperament with its many pretty and little impressionisms—nor, on the other hand, the moralist, whether, with the middle-class British Philistine, he cultivate in the provinces the sumptuous ugliness of domestic comfort, or, with the authorities of the Vatican, he affix whitewashed tin fig-leaves to the great monuments of Greek art. These all go biting their thumbs at one another with a mutual contempt that may amuse or sadden serious people, but neither the one kind nor the other knows anything of that deep, but happy, seriousness which characterises Puritanism and Art.

Plato's philosopher and the Puritan of later days, each alike intent on "seeking truth" and "speaking of God as He is"—and the poet, the musician, and the painter awed by the glory of God's works—they are ever with us. Every generation sees both spirits reappear in forms that change. The twin impulses that make the two types are permanent and eternal, and as long as they have their full working—Philosophy "at smiling strife with Song"—and are not hindered by any higgling compromise or convention, it will go well with us. We shall live *in Ganzen*, and complete the line both ways—with the Beautiful and with the True.

#### CHRISTIAN POPULAR POETRY.

THE writer has often wished that his fairy godmother would give him a birthday present. He does not know if anything approaching the present that he wishes exists in the world. It is a possibility which would need a devotion and labor as of the Bollandists to make actual. It is nothing less than a *raccolta*, a gathering and harvesting, of the little spontaneous Christian songs and tales in verse, which spring up like wild flowers everywhere in Christian lands. What it would be to have them all together, and to turn from one language to another at will—the lovely cradle songs of the Rhineland, the *noëls* of Burgundy, sung in remote villages on Christmas Eve by simple people going through deep snow to the Midnight Mass, the wild ballads of the Abruzzi, the lauds given to the Divine Child in Spain to the click of the castanets and the rhythmic movements of the dance, the songs of the *pifferari* in Advent at street shrines in Rome and Naples, sung to the rustic music of the *zampogna* and the *cenemella*. Europe is everywhere alive with these little spontaneous popular songs, often only snatches of six or seven lines. It would be a life well spent to go about Christendom gathering them, as a botanist goes through strange lands looking for flowers. One comes upon snatches of this Christian poetry in books, say, like Fernan Caballero's, but to have in one's hands, in one's own room, a complete collection of these little poems, each in its own language, Flemish, or Tuscan, or Provençal, would be to have all the songs of Christendom rising about one at once. By the songs of Christendom, one does not mean the great Christian hymns, still less modern and subjective sacred poems, or the songs and solos, ground out on Sunday nights (often to an unduly protracted hour), by the gramophones of serious families. Nothing would be included that is assignable to any particular author, even such a one as *il Pazzo di Cristo* Fra Jacopone di Todi. A modern Italian writer says, by the way, of Fra Jacopone: "Nessun poeta canta a tutta gola come questo frate minore. S'è pazzo, è pazzo come l'allodola." The sentence, indeed, is as true as it is admirably written. But such singers as Fra Jacopone are ascetic—they leave life for devotion; the popular Christian poetry is above all things humanised, and is concerned intensely with human life. It turns the life around it into a mirror reflecting the Sacred Story.

It is in this spontaneous popular poetry that the essence, the very life, of Christianity, is to be found. Men look for it in the Epistles of St. Paul, the tomes of St. Augustine and St. Ambrose, the folios of Bellarmine and Suarez, the controversies of Hooker and Jewel, the sermons of Whitfield and Wesley, but as it exists in the world of human hearts and lives, and as the people live by it, it is here. These poems are the expression of what the popular Christianity really is, even in countries where it is inarticulate.

Christianity was the revelation to man of his own value and worth. He was of great price, not as being wise, or rich, or noble, but as being Man. To Eastern pantheism all life is one, the significance of the man is no greater than that of the beast. To Christianity, man is supernatural, he transcends infinitely the order of nature to which he belongs. The Christian poems are full, perhaps unconsciously, of the value and beauty of the singers' own lives. The little songs are born no one knows how; they are in the air, they flutter about like love-songs everywhere. The strength of the instinctive popular feeling of the value to man of the Christian story is shown by the fact that its songs rival in number those of any of the great human motives—the love songs with their universal appeal, the songs of wine and war, with all their camaraderie and gaiety. It is the life of a Man, a Workman, a Wayfarer, a Sufferer, of which these rhymes and ballads tell. He moves among the familiar scenes of the singer's own "little country," Provence or Tuscany, not in far-off Galilee and Jerusalem. In the hot September day he plucks the black ripe fruit of the mulberry tree in the meadow by the village mill. He is weary by all wells, asleep in all boats, sorrowful in all gardens.



It goes without saying that the two things dwelt on above all others are the Nativity and the Passion. It is no doubt incorrect theologically, but it is inevitable that the wonder of the Resurrection should have made far less impression, and the far-off pomp of the Ascension apparently very little indeed. In the Nativity carols one sees the eager interest of all good women in the birth of a little child, the zealous friendliness of Christian neighbors with their crowding offers of help. In an old French Noël the wives of the shepherds all come to Bethlehem; Georgette and Madeleine bring the swaddling clothes, Perrette has a soother for the baby, Margot makes a good strong bouillon for Him when he wakes. One feels that at such times men folk are not wanted, and are better out of the way. The natural human delight in giving presents is a great feature of this popular poetry. In a German carol of great length two shepherds describe alternately the gifts they are going to bring. They include a snow-white lamb, with a blood-red spot on its right side, a kid with a golden bell round its neck, a hare that is able to play the drum, a kitten that is a famous mouser, a squirrel, a bullfinch, and a nightingale. The bringing of presents, indeed, of "fairings," is a great feature of all popular poetry:—

"What can the matter be, what can the matter be,  
Johnnie's so long at the fair?  
He's gone to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons  
To tie up my bonny brown hair."

Or

"Qu'apportera-t-il à sa bien-aimée,  
Chapelet d'argent, ceinture dorée?"

On a bright, warm morning, seventy years ago, a little girl, who is now an old lady of eighty, said: "It's so beautiful, it's like a Fair Day." The Fair Day of her little country town, almost a village, was the most beautiful thing the little girl had ever seen. Indeed, she could imagine nothing more beautiful than the long row of glittering stalls lining the village street, filled with little cups and mugs, and rings and chains and watches, and gingerbread. The large china figures of cats and dogs, much too expensive for her to think of buying, she looked on with especial awe. In the Nativity poems there is always such a fair going on, and not only do the three kings ride up on elephants and camels with their gifts, but the people themselves, the unknown finders and makers of the songs, bring fairings of all sorts to him who is love and lover and little child.

These unknown artists have been at work everywhere, ceaselessly laboring to interpret Christianity to the people, to translate it into their own language, to set it in the local scenery and circumstances and conditions, and completely to incorporate it with human life. An Andalusian ballad, describing the martyrdom of St. Catherine, is a curious example of the way in which the scenes of the Gospel and the lives of the saints are conceived as happening in the poet's own town. In this ballad St. Catherine is a maiden of Cadiz; her father and mother are Moslems. They beat her every day in the week, and on Sunday they beat her hardest of all. Her father at last orders her to make a wheel of knives and scissors; for what purpose he does not state. The "noble Christian neighbors" assist her in this task, bringing their swords and daggers for the purpose. The ballad-maker, and the people to whom he belonged, had, no doubt, a very hazy notion of ancient Romans, but a very clear idea of Moors. Spanish popular Christian poetry, by the way, must be a treasure perfectly inexhaustible. The writer cannot resist quoting a fragment he has read somewhere:—

"Where are you going, dear Jesus,  
So gallant and so gay?"  
"I am going to visit a dying man  
To wash his sins away.  
For if I find him sorry  
For the sins that he has done,  
Tho' they are more than the sands of the sea,  
I'll pardon every one."

"Where have you been, dear Jesus,  
So gallant and so gay?"  
"I've been to visit a dying man  
Whose sins I've washed away.  
For because I found him sorry  
For the sins that he had done,  
Tho' they were more than the sands of the sea,  
I pardoned every one."

"Per una lagrimetta," as Dante says; here is the Gospel.

These old poets have succeeded in doing what modern people talk about; they have humanised Christianity. These songs are the translation into the people's own language of what they have really assimilated, of what has really impressed itself upon them, and been, in some measure, reproduced by them. They are a great living New Testament of the people's own making. For example, nothing in the Gospels has produced a profounder popular impression than the saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me," and the account of the Judgment in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew. The variations on the theme of the giving or refusal of alms to the Divine Mendicant are endless. There is a curious old French chanson in which a rich man refuses food to the Savior, disguised as a beggar, saying that he will give what is left of his good meat to his dog. "He brings me hares; what can I hope to get from you?" Afterwards a poor widow shares her crust with Him. Seven years after, on the same day, the rich man and the poor widow knock at the gates of Paradise, with what result may be foreseen. This is the popular rendering of "Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles." Here is the faith which sees in every outcast mendicant and wayfarer the Supreme Judge. These poems contain the essential, the substance of the religion of the love of our neighbor, making intelligible and possible the love of God. It would be a worthy life-work to make such a collection, as was mentioned above, of these "fioretti di Gesù Cristo," pure white lilies of the valley, or blood-red anemones, blossoming in sheltered nooks and corners of every European land.

#### THE WILD DUCK IN SOCIOLOGY.

In the great marshes and quagmires of Central Somerset the nesting wild duck still retains one of the last primitive fastnesses left to her in Great Britain. East and west through this shaking land in the May sunshine run the narrow, raised ways, now covered with flowers, which mark the original level of the country. The surface on either side has long since been cut away, and these strips of high ground which have been left have served as roads over which the peat harvest of former days has been carried away. Bunyan must have seen a road like this, for, as in the way through the Valley of the Shadow, there is on either side a deep ditch—here filled with black water—or a dangerous quag. But on the narrow ground between it is dry, while the crisp smell of the moor and of the antiseptic peat lingers in the nostrils. It is but a moment to make preparation for wading. There is no bird that swims or flies which is capable of exciting so persistent an interest in the secrets of her life as the mallard. In alertness and shyness, in craftiness in placing her eggs, in devotion to her young, and in the extraordinary tricks of avoiding pursuit which both parent and young have developed, the wild ancestor of our breeds of domestic ducks has few equals in the wild. And if blood be the price of this efficiency, beyond doubt she has paid it in full. For war from times primeval has man waged on her for her eggs and succulent flesh. As we advance through the marsh, a scene of disquiet spreads in front. A few ducks have joined the drakes circling in the air. The moorhens croak in the water leads. A water-rail's nest, resting in the water, but daintily woven in the reeds, and containing eight eggs, is passed. Where the water is ankle deep, and last year's thick sedge grass reaches to the knees, you pause for a moment with back to the sun to watch the birds circling uneasily overhead.



Lifting a foot to advance, the marsh seems suddenly to explode at the spot on which you intended to put it down, and a dark mass, lifted an instant in the air, falls again in front. It is a second or two before you realise that the object is only a large brown bird quacking loudly, and wildly flapping an apparently injured wing. The mother duck has been sitting on a nest full of little ones just emerging from the eggs. All the little ducks save three have freed themselves from the shells, and some are already so active and so ready to scamper out of the nest that they have to be restrained by hand. But as the mother, still beating the broken wing, now restored to flight, passes out of eye-shot, quiet is gradually restored. The little ducks, missing the cover of the mother, come out of the nest into the sedge and shallow water. They find the bare feet of the intruder, as he stands silent and intense, and then, without the slightest instinctive fear, begin to nestle on them for warmth, while one and another turns a comical and intelligent little black eye upwards, as if with nascent wonder at the size and aloofness of this parent.

How long has the wild duck been here? No doubt the hosts of King Alfred, when he hid in these marshes from the Norsemen a thousand years ago, found her here. Probably the soldiers of the Second Legion under Claudius flushed her when they came here long before. Even in the days when the woolly rhinoceros left its remains with those of the cavemen in the hills yonder, she was doubtless here. During all this time she has been the most universally hunted creature on earth. And the spent cartridges of the modern man strew the bog around. Yet here are her offspring on your feet. You take one of them in your hand, and the heir of all the ages of this blood feud shows no fear of you, even tilting its little beak to look inquiringly in your face, evidently thinking no evil, to all appearances hoping all things, believing all things. But certainly quite willing to take you on your merits for good or evil, entirely without prejudice.

You put the little creature down. You have seen the disheartened philanthropist struggling with the problems of society in crowded human slums. You have met the weary pro-consul taking up the white man's burden among strange peoples, and amid the effects of ages of racial inheritance. In deep thought you pass on. Looking back, the mother bird has alighted on a tussock near by, and the more active little ones are streaming out of the sedge to her. She is chattering with emotion, every feather quivering with excitement. The hold of The Great Terror of Man is upon her. In a few days—nay, in a few hours—she will have taught it to them, and they will have passed irrevocably into another world. And yet you saw the little ducks. They knew nothing of it.

Oh! you wise men who would reconstruct the world! Give us the young. Give us the young. Do what you will with the world, only give us the young. It is the dreams which we teach them; it is the Utopias which we conceive for them; it is the thoughts which we think for them which will rebuild the world. Give us the young before the evil past has held them, and we will create a new Heaven and a new Earth.

BENJAMIN KIDD.

## The Drama.

### THE ART OF THE ARTLESS.

THE simultaneous appearance in London of Mr. McEvoy's Village Players and of the ever-welcome company of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, has suggested to me some reflections, some questionings, upon the art of acting. It is not very easy to give form to these reflections without seeming to depreciate performances in which, like most of my colleagues, I take very real pleasure. But, genuine as this pleasure is, it ought not

to render us unjust to other forms of pleasure. In the praise which is lavished year by year on the Irish players, and which has been liberally extended to their Wiltshire emulators, there is often an undercurrent of disparagement, not to say contempt, for the ordinary professional acting of the regular theatres. There is a tendency to write and talk as though these simple performances were real art and great art, whereas what passed for art in the regular theatres was nothing but conventional artifice. This opinion, if it be anything but a passing paradox, shows, I think, a lack of balance and proportion in the mind that entertains it. Of course we see plenty of bad acting on the ordinary stage; but because some actors misuse, or never attain, accomplishment, it does not follow that accomplishment is in itself an evil and the bane of art.

Mr. McEvoy has done an excellent thing in developing the dramatic capacities of his rural neighbors, and teaching the young men and maidens of Aldbourne how to present themselves on the stage. This is in itself no slight achievement. If I, as I sit here writing, were suddenly to become aware that the eyes of five hundred spectators were upon me, I could no longer make the most ordinary gesture with perfect naturalness; and much less could I move about the room and speak to other people without constraint. The difficulty would be increased if I had to speak words learnt by heart, and make movements prescribed for me, however natural and probable, however easily within the compass of my ordinary personality, such words and movements might be. In short, I should take some time to master (if, indeed, I ever mastered) the veriest foundation of the art of acting—the power of existing in public, so to speak, without the embarrassment which betrays itself either in paralysis or in grotesque awkwardness and exaggeration. Mr. McEvoy, then, has got his company past this rudimentary difficulty, who knows by what patience of selection and training. He has provided them with characters roughly similar to their own, and placed them in an action—"A Village Wedding"—which accounts for a certain measure of sheepishness and constraint. All that his people have to do is to be their Saxon, inexpressive selves on the stage: whereas the real business of the actor is either to be somebody else, or to be himself raised to the *n*th power—a self of heightened and concentrated expressiveness. In a word, Mr. McEvoy has led his pupils one short step on the road towards acting, and has in so doing contrived to give us a curious little picture of rural life. This is a praiseworthy thing to have done, and the very artlessness of the performance renders it refreshing for once in a way. But to pretend that these actors show any remarkable talent, or that we have here a new departure in dramatic art, is, I think, to travel far beyond the bounds of reasonable appreciation. The village theatre movement, as exemplified at Hildenborough and Aldbourne, is certainly an excellent one, and it is quite possible that some real genius may one day develop from it. But the movement will merely be stultified if we go about to persuade the rural performers that they are all geniuses from the start.

The case of the Irish company is, in some ways, different. Most of them are professional actors, inasmuch as they have for years made acting the business of their lives. Some of them, too, are quite admirable comedians, and can portray Irish character with remarkable humor and discretion. Nevertheless, their general style is one of imperfect accomplishment. They have made an art of artlessness. They either cannot, or will not, attain that ease and freedom on the stage which is the mark of the actor—even of the bad actor—as distinguished from the amateur. After all these years, for example, they still share with the Wiltshire villagers a curious woolliness and indecision of attack. They seldom make an entrance or an exit, but wander on and wander off. In the American phrase, they "happen along." There is no crispness, no accent, in their movements. And, again like the Wiltshire villagers, they tend all to speak in one cadence. Speech will follow speech in the same set rhythm, each character unconsciously repeating the tune

sung by his predecessor. Now, for a certain class of pieces, and especially for plays of peasant life, this little touch of helplessness—for that, rather than artlessness, is the exact word—comes in far from inaptly. The air of hesitation, almost of deprecation, strikes us as a pleasant change after the metallic self-confidence of the ordinary actor, who sometimes imposes himself upon the public by mere aggressiveness of attack. But it is one thing to find helplessness pleasing up to a certain point, and quite another thing to declare it, in itself, preferable to accomplishment. This peasant acting—for so it may be called, though I believe the Irish actors are, for the most part, townsfolk—this peasant acting has very real charms of raciness, sincerity, inartificiality. But it is an art which is possible only within very narrow limits; and though it is right that, in judging it, we should take these limits into account, it is neither right nor reasonable to speak as though they were positive advantages, and the conditions of all sound art.

It so happened that at the late J. M. Synge's play, "*Deirdre of the Sorrows*," I was placed where I could barely hear one word in three of the dialogue. Therefore, I asked, and obtained, permission to read the play in proof, with the result that I recognised in it a fitting crown to the life-work of that truly original poet and dramatist. Every Irish poet must, of necessity, do his "*Deirdre*"; and hitherto I have always felt that the sheer beauty of the legend fatally handicapped even the best-inspired effort at dramatisation. Mr. Yeats, indeed, achieved a certain measure of success, but only by concentrating upon the final scene. Mr. Synge, on the other hand, has taken the whole theme, and, in the most daring fashion, has clothed it in that quaint and exquisite idiom which his genius has quintessentiated out of the speech of the Irish peasant. The result is a thing of extraordinary beauty, a permanent enrichment of our dramatic literature. There are points and passages which the poet, had he lived, would probably have retouched; but, on the whole, the great theme is greatly handled. Quite admirable is the way in which psychology is made, as it were, to play into the hand of fatality, and character becomes the instrument of a foretold doom. *Deirdre* and *Naisi* realise that the danger to their love, if they do not obey the summons of *Conchubor*, is more to be dreaded than the danger of his treachery. They relinquish their Scottish fastness, and set sail for Ireland, in order to save their love, if not their life. The scene in which they arrive at this decision is one of exquisite originality; and the whole last act is as noble as it is beautiful. Ireland has, at last, an adequate dramatic transcript of her loveliest saga.

But, as I read, I recognised that here was a play which transcended the limits of the Irish method of acting. It was not merely the difficulty of hearing that had spread a veil between me and the poet's work; it was the total absence of light and shade in the performance. The acting was far from being without merit. On the contrary, Miss Maire O'Neill's *Deirdre* was singularly beautiful, distinguished, and tragic. But even Miss O'Neill had to subdue herself to the general dimness, if I may so phrase it, of the whole picture. Only on reading did I discover that Mr. Synge had conceived *Deirdre* as a wilful, imperious creature, not without a spice of the devil in her. Miss O'Neill had not the freedom, had not the confidence, to indicate the transitions and put in the high lights. She seemed to be moving harmoniously through a melancholy, monotonous dream. And this was the tone of the whole performance. The general woolliness of touch and sameness of cadence left all outlines indistinct. It was impossible to see the characters clearly, or to realise in any detail the process of emotion. In the early days of Maeterlinck, the *Théâtre de l'Œuvre* (if I remember rightly) used to act his works behind a gauze screen; and such a screen the Irish players carry round with them in their artless method. Its dimness, no doubt, is much more suited to such a work as "*Deirdre of the Sorrows*" than any vulgar garishness would be;

but it is surely possible to be expressive without being garish. There was one point where one of the performers—Miss Sara Allgood, I think—tore the veil, and said something, of no great importance, with spontaneity and force. The burst of applause which followed was not so much a testimony of admiration as an irrepressible movement of relief.

After seeing the second programme presented by the Irish players—"The Image" and that delightful playlet "*The Rising of the Moon*," both by Lady Gregory—I feel bound to admit that much of what I have said above scarcely applies to the comedy acting of the company in its present phase. No one could wish for a better performance of "*The Rising of the Moon*" than that given by Mr. Arthur Sinclair and Mr. J. M. Kerrigan, the latter a most versatile comedian. In "*The Image*," too, there was much good acting, as well as many amusing episodes; but the general idea of the play, in spite of careful explanation on the programme, did not emerge very clearly.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## Letters from Abroad.

### THE DEATH OF A DEFORMED REFORM BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A miscarriage from its first breath, distorted to sickening deformity by the action of quarrelling mock-physicians, and put to death amid universal expressions of relief—that is, in short, the history of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's Bill for the reform of the Prussian franchise. On Friday, the 27th of May, at a sitting of the elected House of the Prussian Diet, the Prime Minister of Prussia gave to his debilitated child the finishing stroke by declaring that his Government took no further interest in the fate of the Bill, and, amid the loud applause of the parties of the Left, the Bill was withdrawn.

It seems of little advantage to the non-Prussian reader to enter into the details of the tortuous career of the Bill. This much only is of general interest—that the final discussion turned mainly on the question of the formation of the three electoral classes, and had taken such a turn that the party of the National Liberals was on the verge of a split over it. Unfortunately, the split was, in the last moment, avoided. Party life in Prussia, and also in the German Empire, as a whole, would have been greatly benefited if that split had come to pass. But there is hope that it may yet occur in a not too distant future. The crack, at any rate, is there, and if it is patched over for the time being, it is not likely to be wholly cemented away.

The point at issue was this. Under the amendment of the Prussian House of Lords, the *Herrenhaus*, the units for the formation of the classes were to be greatly enlarged. By this means the first and the second class of voters would, in a much higher degree than at present, have been the preserves of wealthy people. For it is the smallness of the units which at present allows, in working-class districts, people of very moderate incomes to become members of the second class of voters, and makes the election of some Socialists at least possible. And in the industrial *Rhenisch-Westphalian* districts, where the wage-earners and the lower middle classes are Catholics, it secures the Catholics a considerable number of seats against the great captains of industry and their party, the National Liberals.

Hence the desire of this section of the National Liberals to support the amendments of the *Herrenhaus*. In fact, these amendments were made for the purpose of pleasing the lords of coal and iron. But not all National Liberals are wealthy mine-owners or their dependents, or are carried away by their hatred of Roman Catholicism into acts of treason to public right.



So the younger members of the party, organised in clubs of "Young Liberals," bolted. Others followed, and at the sitting of Friday last only a minority of the party voted for the described amendments of the Herrenhaus. Their votes would have been sufficient to get them a majority, had not the Conservatives, under the leadership of clever Herr von Heydebrand, rejected them. Our high Tories took in regard to this question a less illiberal attitude than the Whig leaders of the National Liberals.

By this they hit three blows at once. They strengthened their *entente* with the Catholic Centre Party, they made some show of opposition to extreme plutocracy, and they helped to make the Bill for the present impossible. And, in their eyes, that is no small achievement. For they hate the Bill, whatever be its shape. No reform of the present Prussian franchise is possible without, in some degree at least, diminishing the parliamentary power of the Junkers. Their policy is to delay that change as long as possible. Having obtained the shelving of that reform, they come out, as far as parliamentary decisions go, the actual winners of the day.

And who are the losers? The Radical, and also the majority of the Social Democratic, papers describe the Ministry of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg as beaten and discredited, and in honor bound to resign. But, even in countries where parliamentarism rules, Ministries are not overthrown by the moral censure of the minority, but by clear adverse parliamentary majorities. Prussia does not possess parliamentary government, nor is there a decided parliamentary majority on the question of the franchise. Most certainly Herr von Bethmann Hollweg has proved to be anything but a great statesman. He has shown neither a firm will nor the parliamentary skill to steer his little Bill through the rocky straits of the Diet. He has fully earned the adverse criticism of the papers. But, in the interest of clear issues, it must be pointed out that what has failed most conspicuously is Prussian parliamentarism itself. That is the Carthago which is "delenda"; the question of the Ministry comes later. But the entrance gates of this puny fortress are very narrow. By two means only can it be conquered for democracy—first, by the pulling down of its walls by assault; or, secondly, by such action upon its garrison as will lead to the annihilation of its power of resistance.

A section of members of the Social Democratic Party think the time has come for trying the former method, by means of a great political strike, or a series of strikes. Their principal literary advocate is Frau Rosa Luxemburg, a gifted writer and speaker of Polish descent, who, by marriage, has become a German subject. But neither the responsible political leaders of the party nor the chiefs of the German trade unions, upon whom so much depends in the matter, show the slightest inclination to support this view. In this they have not only the moderate, or revisionist, section of the movement at their side, but also the great mass of those members otherwise regarded as Radicals. The general feeling is, and I believe it is the right feeling, that there is too much at stake for the Socialist Party in Germany to venture upon a game of chance, and a political strike is always a game of chance.

Eyes, therefore, are turned upon the garrison. Is there any hope of sensibly diminishing its power of defence? The proceedings in the camp of the National Liberals point to such an eventuality. The dissensions in the ranks of that party turn not entirely on the question of the Prussian franchise. This question has only had the merit of pushing the internal opposition to such a point that its public manifestation became inevitable. And, as I said before, the crack is not likely to be cemented for a long time.

German National Liberalism has, from its beginning, been a party of very mixed elements, held together by the desire to combine a strong Imperialist policy in national or foreign affairs with modernised industrial and commercial legislation. With this programme it has for several decades been the special organ of the

industrial and commercial *entrepreneurs* and the intellectual section of the functionaries in State and industry, these classes hanging together by many social ties. These ties have been considerably loosened by the natural economic evolution of modern society, on the one hand, and the fiscal and social legislation of Empire and State on the other. Between the big captains of industry and the mass of the intellectual or professional functionaries the social gulf is widening more and more, the former getting richer but, in comparison with the growth of the whole middle class, fewer. The latter increase at a much quicker rate than the population as a whole, but become more and more dependent in their economical life. No wonder that they look upon many questions of legislation with a different eye.

For many years, *e.g.*, the functionaries in the industrial provinces of Prussia have supported the Protectionist fiscal policy of the Empire in a spirit similar to that of the industrial wage-earners in the United States, Canada, Australia, and other transoceanic countries. But they are not inclined to give any further support to the policy of the agrarians in raising the price of food and increasing indirect to the relief of direct taxation. The lords of the iron industries, &c., on the other hand, are, in fiscal matters, the allies of the agrarians, German Protectionism having been the outcome of the alliance of the ironmasters and the East Elbian squirearchy. Now and then they quarrel. But they always, in the end, join hands again, as is demonstrated by the practical inactivity of the famous House League, founded with such an enormous amount of clamor. Its movement is paralysed by the influence of the big captains of industry.

Quite different is the opposition of the big manufacturers and the intellectuals in the industrial western provinces of Prussia to the Catholic Centre. The big manufacturers oppose it because it supports—and must support—in a degree the claims of the workers in social legislation and rights of combination. The intellectuals hate it because of its reactionary proclivities in regard to questions of education, matrimony, and so on. This common opposition has stood many trials already, but it will not stand everything. In the franchise question both the big manufacturers and the intellectuals long for the destruction of the domination of the Centre Party in Rhineland and Westphalia. Whilst the former were ready to attain this object by clearing the franchise of the little democratic alloy it contained, the latter have begun to understand that such an attitude would mean the ruin of their party.

This is a token of recovery. The question of the Centre Party is, to some extent, the Irish question of the German Empire. It has blocked the way in several respects. Its greatest danger was that people, otherwise inclined to social and political progress, had become political reactionists where the Centre was concerned. This tendency must cease. For the Centre can only successfully be fought by true democracy. The sooner this is seen, the easier will an understanding of all the democratic forces of the country against the parties of privilege be arrived at. If it is attained before the next general election takes place, the days of the domination of the agrarians are numbered.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schöneberg, Berlin, May 28th, 1910.

## Communications.

### THE ISSUE WITH THE LORDS.

#### IV.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The policy which would make the veto of the House of Lords suspensory, instead of absolute, is treated by the Opposition as though it were equivalent to the



introduction of government by a Single Chamber. The alarm, apparently genuine, which is excited by that idea, is, in my judgment, immensely exaggerated, if not altogether baseless. It appears to be an unexamined axiom of many political thinkers and politicians that a modern representative Chamber is a rash, impetuous, violent body, at the mercy of every passing mood of public opinion; and that public opinion itself is in perpetual motion, always throwing up of its own accord new and revolutionary projects, and changing them as fast as it conceives them. To this tumultuous ocean of popular passion, surging without barrier into the representative House, it is necessary, we are told, to oppose the solid breakwater of a Second Chamber. But surely all this is sheer mythology. To what facts anywhere does it correspond? Possibly to the democracies of the ancient City States, which were governed by a mass meeting of the citizens. Examples, chosen from ancient history, of the mutability of democracy, have been the source of generalisations which are applied, without discrimination, to the totally different conditions of the modern world. Modern democracy is a new phenomenon, and none of the analogies of the past can be profitably applied to it. If we confine our attention, as we should do, to the working of representative institutions in the Western world during the nineteenth century, where do we find examples of this alleged instability, this alternation of rash acts and swift repentance? Where do we find the popular House embarking on schemes of adventure, and saved, in its own despite, by the superior wisdom of a Senate? For my own part, I look in vain for any such examples and any such tendencies.

The history of France in the nineteenth century is sometimes adduced in proof. But, in the first place, during the first three-quarters of the century, France was still tossed on the waves of the great Revolution; in the second place, the example, if it proved anything, would prove too much; for it would prove that a Second Chamber is useless just when it is most wanted—the revolutions of 1830 and of 1848 both took place under a bicameral system of government—and that, when revolutionary conditions are present, no form of government is stable. It is only after 1875 that the operation of representative institutions becomes normal in France; and, from that time on, does any observer of French history allege that the Chamber of Deputies has been rash, hasty, and unstable, and that the Senate has been perpetually intervening to assert, against their temporary aberrations, the "permanent convictions" of the nation? Nowhere, so far as I am aware, is that analysis of the working of representative institutions even approximately true. It is not true in America; it is not true in Germany; it is not true in Italy; it is not true in the British colonies; it is not true in England. Democratic government has many vices and dangers; but an unprejudiced observer, one would have thought, must be impressed rather with its cumbersomeness and inertia, its inability to get anything done with reasonable promptitude, than with its rash and revolutionary improvisations. The truth is that a modern democracy is very hard to move; that minorities are enormously powerful; that Ministers have their fingers constantly on the pulse of public opinion; and that the conservative elements are always represented in the popular House, up to the full measure of, if not far beyond, their real importance and weight. A second House is not needed to give the electorate time to reflect; and those who really accept the principle that the "will of the people" is to prevail may be satisfied that the proposals of the Government interpose at least enough delay to secure that result, so far as it can be secured at all by machinery.

On the other hand, the proposals of the Opposition, so far as we have been allowed to divine them, would have the effect, and presumably are intended to have the effect, of hampering, if not of completely diverting, the whole movement of democratic transformation with which the Liberal Party has now identified itself. It sounds well to speak of constructing an assembly that will stand for all the intelligence, all the experience,

all the administrative capacity of the nation against the blind impulses of a mob. But, in the first place, the House of Commons is not a mob, nor elected by a mob; in the second place, even though an assembly of all the talents should be constructed, that assembly would almost certainly have an anti-popular bias. It is too often forgotten that political judgment is not only, nor even primarily, a matter of intelligence; it is also, and more, a matter of will. In the present House of Lords are many able men; but no one, I should suppose, can have read their debates, during the present crisis, without noticing how impossible it is for the ablest among them to divest themselves of the prejudices of their class. An assembly composed wholly, or mainly, of ex-administrators, ex-judges, ex-notabilities of every kind, would, under present social conditions, be an assembly with very much the same bias as the existing House of Lords. Its sympathies would be with the social order under which its members had "succeeded," and with the distribution of property which was the condition of that success. And if this would be true even of an assembly selected entirely on the principle of merit, still more would it be so of one in which the principle of merit should be only accessory, and the hereditary element should retain a large place. Such proposals as have been put forward by members of the Unionist Party, for reforming the House of Lords while retaining all its present powers, are altogether unacceptable to anyone who wishes to see the democratic movement proceed from the political to the social sphere, and gradually reconstruct our society on more equitable, humane, and reasonable principles. For accomplishing that reconstruction the House of Commons is the only possible agent; a House fully representative of all the conflicting tendencies and interests; guided and controlled by a Cabinet acting with full knowledge and a full sense of responsibility; subject (according to the plan of the Government) to a check, but not a check-mate, by a Second Chamber also responsible to the nation; subject, if necessary, to the check of the Referendum; but not subject to rebuff and defeat by a House deliberately created, not (as is pretended) to represent the "permanent convictions of the nation," but to represent the interests and the classes that are threatened by the development of democracy.

We come back, then, to the point which it has been my object to make in these letters. Behind the constitutional issue raised as to the function and constitution of the House of Lords, behind the rival schemes of rival politicians, there lies the great social issue of our age—the issue between Plutocracy and Democracy. A House of Lords reconstructed by the Unionist Party, and strengthened (as it would be strengthened) against the Commons, would be the instrument of the anti-democratic elements threatened by the popular House. A House of Commons, further democratised in its constitution, and strengthened against the House of Lords, or whatever other Chamber may be substituted for that House, would be the instrument of a progressive social democracy. Which alternative do we choose? That is the issue that will be before the electorate at the next election. Everything possible, no doubt, will be done by the Unionist Party to substitute for it the issue of Tariff Reform. But the chances of a straight fight are better now than they were in January. It should be possible to keep the resolutions on the House of Lords in the foreground. And on the decision given by the electorate will depend very largely the future destinies of this country.—Yours, &c.,

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

## Letters to the Editor.

### ARE "DREADNOUGHTS" USELESS?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The relations of the man in the street towards high policy in national defence is a question which the man

in the street and the expert will not settle between them on this side of the Judgment Day. History, however, records the fact that most of the fundamental improvements in the arts of peace and of war have come from the thoughtful ignoramus rather than the cocksure expert.

When, therefore, Mr. Wells, prophet of efficiency, writing on the "New Epoch" in the "Daily Mail," expressed the doubts of his civilian soul as to the validity of the policy of insurance taken out by Britain and her *chers collègues* on the Continent, in the shape of "Dreadnoughts," did not my heart burn within me? The price of the cheapest line of "Dreadnoughts" is two million pounds apiece, with no reduction on taking a quantity. An American "Dreadnought" now contemplated is to cost £3,400,000, and further, it is understood that the British Admiralty have already in contemplation a five million pound "Dreadnought" to carry a hundred guns of a calibre of 13.5 inch. Since the tax-paying man in the street is not invited, but required, to foot the bill for these simple weapons, he may be forgiven for asking questions to allay the doubts which he shares, not without reason, with Mr. Wells, whose services for national efficiency exceed those of many professional experts.

Is it a fact that shortly after "a state of war" was last week notified to the French Admiral at Toulon, the Blue Fleet of Admiral de Jonquières met with a colossal disaster in the loss of four of his battleships by submarine attack? The "Patrie" class only cost £1,420,000 per ship, but the loss of four battleship units and over 140,000,000 francs in one afternoon, following on the Russian disaster at Port Arthur, justifies the man in the street in sharing Mr. Wells's disquiet about the "Dreadnought" class.

Can it be a fact that the British Admiralty authorities do not contemplate the use of battleships in the early stages of a war, but intend to keep our precious "Dreadnoughts" "lying doggo" at Scapa Flow, at Milford Haven, or at Bantry Bay, until the Narrow Seas are cleared of the enemy's submarine and torpedo craft? Is it true that neither the North Sea nor the Channel is a proper place for a well-conducted "Dreadnought" until the small craft are sunk and the enemy's mines lifted?

I am only a man in the street, but sometimes one has the opportunity of hearing these matters discussed by the experts, and I gather that it is actually a fact that there is no intention whatever of repeating the tragedy of Port Arthur, when the Russian Fleet was irreparably crippled by torpedo craft before war was declared. Not a "Dreadnought" will show her nose to the enemy's mines and submarines.

Assuming it to be necessary that the "Dreadnoughts" be kept out of the way until the Narrow Seas are cleared of submarine dangers from destroyers or plunging craft, what will be the effect? This is clearly the vital question, and the consequences ought to be fully set out.

It is clear in the first place that if the "Dreadnoughts" of A cannot put out to sea, neither can those of B. Both sides must find shelter for ships fit to line the line. The first stage of the war will be between the terriers—submarines and torpedo craft. The submarine, contrary to general belief, is the weapon of the stronger Power. Enemies' harbors can be drawn like a rabbit hole by a keeper's dog. Victory will rest with the Power that possesses the personnel that is more willing to die; that is the more skilful in the use of the terrier craft; and that possesses the larger number and the better quality of submarine and torpedo vessels.

Seeing that in March, 1912, the British strength in "Dreadnoughts" cannot be less than twenty-two while that of our chief rival will not apparently exceed thirteen, I cannot for the life of me understand why the Admiralty has not paid more attention to torpedo craft—I do not say at the cost of dropping a "Dreadnought," but at all events by economising on non-essentials if Parliament refused to increase the Navy Estimates.

Of destroyers in commission, as the "Naval and Military Record" pointed out last week, Germany is ahead of us in destroyers at every age limit from one up to twelve years from the date of launch.

Seeing that you can buy about forty submarines or twenty destroyers for the price of a "Dreadnought," the discrepancy between our strength in "Dreadnoughts" and our weakness in destroyers is unintelligible. Furthermore,

I believe that the "Nassau" and the "Westfalen," German "Dreadnoughts," are not a success, and that they have been offered to the Turkish Government at half their cost. In the case of their sale, March, 1912, will find the German Fleet with eleven "Dreadnoughts" against the British twenty-two.

Can it be that Germany recognises, not only that "Dreadnoughts" on both sides must be kept out of harm's way while mines and torpedoes are at large, but that "Dreadnoughts" may never come into action at all during the term of the war?

Commerce destroying will be performed, not by "Dreadnoughts," but by "Kents."

The main factor on the outbreak of war between two great commercial Powers will be the destruction of the mercantile marine of the weaker Power. In the case of Germany, about 934 merchant ships afloat are plying between German and foreign ports on any one day. "Dreadnoughts" would neither capture nor defend them. Therefore need for "Dreadnoughts" exists neither in the first nor the second stages of the war.

As to the third stage of the conflict, when the Narrow Seas are clear for battle ships on both sides, and the sea-borne commerce and mercantile marine of the weaker Power have been captured or laid up, "Dreadnoughts" would come in then, if at all.

But if the "Dreadnoughts" of the weaker Power are to be destroyed by "Dreadnoughts," the former must put to sea. Why should they put to sea? And is it a fact that in the concluding stage of a war the enemy's "Dreadnoughts" are expected to lay up in port, and either to be sunk by submarines at their moorings or driven to sea as the Spanish Fleet was compelled to leave Santiago in the late war?

Lastly, can it be a fact that a great naval war may possibly begin and end without the participation of one "Dreadnought" on either side?—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD WHITE.

May 31st, 1910.

## KAKOCRACY AT LAGOS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—(1) A singularly unwise piece of legislation has just been passed in the Colony of Southern Nigeria, the Limitation of Suits Ordinance, despite the remonstrance from the Chief Justice, a petition from the Bar, and a petition from the Chamber of Commerce.

The present law of Southern Nigeria is that the English Statutes of Limitation apply except as to actions between natives as to native affairs; this is a plain and simple state of the law; the lawyer and the merchant know where they are. The English law of Limitation has lasted 287 years, and is that for all ordinary contracts and most torts, *e.g.*, recovery of goods, damage to goods, the period is six years; all lawyers and most business men know this off-hand and by heart.

But the new local law has 109 sub-divisions wherein various classes of contracts and wrongs are particularised, and there are corresponding periods of one, two, three, six, twelve, thirty, and sixty years. No one can keep these 109 sub-divisions in their head, and it will need a trained intellect and a reference to the book and to the lawyer at every moment to discern within which sub-division is each cause of action.

(2) This is not the only piece of legislative eccentricity. A good Forest Ordinance was passed some years ago to preserve timber and regulate the cutting of mahogany, cedar, and rubber. All this is excellent. But quite outside this, there is a prohibition on a native cutting an ordinary tree on native land (not for a sale but for domestic purposes as it is expressed, building a hut, or native canoe, Regulation 48 of page 1339) without the previous consent of an European official. This is making the law odious to the native; only probably it does not work; it is only saved from being burdensome by being impracticable.

(3) Then by the Railway Ordinance a native may be summarily ejected from his house and land without any notice other than a placard on the wall, whereby a railway official may instantly enter and take the land at once and



without any payment down. Fancy an English clerk going to his work in the morning, and because a railway official half-an-hour later pastes on the wall a notice, the company could enter at once and he will return to find his family and his furniture in the street, and his villa being demolished. Fortunately, the official is not always as hard as the law, and in most cases notice, and occasionally prepayment, is given. But this should be obligatory by law. The scope of the Railway Ordinance, too, is singularly wide, it includes residences of railway officials, and this includes private cricket grounds and golf links—good things in themselves, and perhaps right to be supplied at the public expense to officials, but hardly the subject of expropriation of individuals from private property. These grounds are now being enlarged.

(4) The taxation has been increasing. Ten years ago it was 5 per cent. *ad valorem* Customs duty on all goods imported, then it was raised to 10 per cent., and now a prospective Bill is under discussion of 2s. 6d. per ton tax on all goods exported or imported. There is a natural limit on the raising of Customs or Harbor Dues, owing to the neighboring French colony having small Dues and Customs with an inland coterminous frontier of several hundred miles, which will have to be Custom watched through dense forests.

There is also proposed an inept poll tax on passengers landed which will cause annoyance without a corresponding increase of revenue.

(5) Even when the law is good it is enforced with a harshness that induces friction or worse. Some excellent sanitary measures have been introduced, but the inspectors in their zeal have no respect for sex or time or occasion, and their sudden intrusions are vexatious.

It was actions like this that brought about Wat Tyler's rebellion. The natives resent this.

Surely this could be explained and rectified, your readers will say. No, it is the present practice of the officials to be inaccessible and only to grant a native an interview with some young European clerk who has no authority.

(6) The proposed Official Church for European Government Servants, to be built out of the public funds, is a folly that courts failure. There is a grave objection on principle strongly felt by all Nonconformists. But, writing as a member of the Church of England and a tithe-payer in England, I can say that, as far as all the native community, most of the European traders, and some of the officials are concerned, there are grave objections in detail to the proposed Church.

The site is half-a-mile or more from the town and the traders' houses. The present Cathedral (Christ Church) is central and well placed, but it is too small. However, the Church Committee, mainly and entirely composed of natives, of their own initiative set apart two long pews for the exclusive use of European Government officials and merchants. On every ground it would be far better, if public money is to be spent for religious purposes, that a moderate subvention should be given which, with other monies, might enlarge this church so that black and white, governors and governed, might worship the same God, in the same building, in the same words.

(7) In business affairs there is a lack of knowledge and capacity which hinders commercial development. When, for instance, a right to build a wharf on lease with a rent was given to a firm, it was clogged with a condition that the Government might acquire it at any time on six months' notice at the cost price of making wharf less wear and tear. Who would care to expend capital and try to develop a shipping concern on such conditions? There is no security of tenure.

(8) Lastly, the expropriations have been conducted in a manner to provoke animosity. Personally, my business in the Colony is to represent professionally a European firm through whose premises, after forty years' occupation, a road is being driven, and my client's title and claim to compensation is denied; nay, it is even mocked and scoffed at. To drive a road between your wharf and your factory is a benefit—as if anyone, whether his premises were business or residential, would like his access to water frontage cut off by a road. My client was a wealthy man, and he refused to be bounced.

But for the poorer native there is the cruel alternative of being bluffed out of his property or ruined by litigation.

There is no limit to official combativeness and pugnacity. In every claim against the Government, however legitimate, there is no possibility of reasonable negotiation or settlement, it is litigation to the bitter end. Aye, even in so small a matter as two logs of mahogany value £12 which the magistrate held were wrongly seized, the Government will fight and appeal.

(9) A high official lately expressed to me his regret at the growing antagonism between governors and governed, including the European traders as well as the natives. But from the above facts who can wonder?

The Government is regarded generally in the light of one of those great trusts in the United States; irresistible financial and political power is ever employed to crush the individual opponent.

The result is an insecurity of property which greatly hampers any dealing in land.

(10) The meat markets are by a thoughtless regulation compulsorily closed up at 5 p.m., whereas the poorer classes in Lagos, as in London, wish to buy meat in pennyworths in the evening after working hours.

(11) It is a far cry to Lagos, and the ordinary checks on the Government are either absent or futile. I trust you will find space for a wandering lawyer to bring to your knowledge these complaints which, being redressed, may have the effect of proving the justice of the English Government and thereby strengthen the Empire.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM NEVILL M. GEARY.

Lagos, West Africa,  
May 9th, 1910.

P.S.—The African is by no means disloyal to the British Government; when, last Saturday, the Attorney-General rose to announce the King's death in the Full Court of Lagos, thronged with lawyers and litigants, the dark faces showed a thrill of genuine sorrow at the loss of their great monarch.

## CANADA AND BRITISH IMMIGRANTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Stevenson, attributes the new Canadian regulation forbidding assisted immigration, except for agricultural laborers, to some defects in the British workman, and advises that the English should proceed to improve themselves, so that Englishmen may be more acceptable in our Colonies. He says, however, that he is not an Englishman himself. Now, that is where I have the misfortune to differ from him. I am an Englishman, and therefore I am not disposed to take these new regulations "lying down," and I do not believe in the inferiority of the British workman. The view that I take of the matter is this: It was Englishmen, no better, I think, than the Englishmen of to-day, who conquered Canada. It was English money that paid all the expenses. We pay every year five-and-twenty millions for the service of the National Debt, and it would be a moderate estimate to debit Canada with one-fifth part of that sum. We also maintain a large army and a preposterously large Navy, not entirely for our own protection, but greatly for the protection of our Colonies. In return for that, we get absolutely nothing. We have, unfortunately, given away vast unpopulated territories to a small number of colonists, who make use of their power to exclude, under such conditions as they think suitable, British goods and British workmen. In the case of Canada, this exclusion of British workmen is a disgusting application of the policy of the dog in the manger. Now, we cannot help this. I apprehend that no British statesman would dream of applying force as a remedy; but there is one thing that we can do, and that is to withdraw the British flag. If I could have my way, it should never be said that an Englishman born was excluded from any part of the British Empire simply because he was poor, and had to have his passage assisted, or assistance given to him for conveying his wife and children to a distant colony. If any colony or distant country values the British flag let them ask for it, and let it fly only in accordance with the terms of an agreement which is honorable to us. I hope that in the future we shall cease to give away great unpopulated lands to a small number of



colonists. There are still some territories in Africa suitable for men of English blood, where the British flag may fly, and where we still retain our sovereign rights. Though not of much value to-day, the time may come when we shall find them useful as places to which our countrymen may emigrate.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.  
June 1st, 1910.

### "MAD SHEPHERDS IN ARCADY."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As the reviewer of the book in question, I should like to thank the writer of the very interesting and valuable letter on this subject in your last week's issue. May I say that, for my own part, I had no intention of "belittling the worth" of the English country people? There is certainly no evidence of any desire to do so in Professor Jacks's book. I thoroughly agree with your correspondent's remark, "The wonder is that there should be so much cheerfulness as there is." She at any rate does not represent the conditions of English village life as ideal. "Wages are low." "It is round very damp and ill-repaired cottages that they make their gardens such fruitful bowers." I know those low wages. I know those damp and ill-repaired cottages very well. I know, too, the dreary, hopeless depression and gloom that living on those wages in those cottages often produces.

I should be the last to deny the frequent religiousness of the English peasant. It is, for the most part, not "nil," but inarticulate. I will be quite candid, and admit that much good comes out of the Nazareth of the little Methodist and Baptist chapels. Personally, I should like the Nonconformist piety better if it did not always seem to be scoring off somebody, the parson or the publican. Your correspondent's story about the interview between the good old lady and the clergyman is quite in the usual Nonconformist vein. "My father looks after me very well." "I suppose he was well to do. Who was he?" "God Almighty's my father, sir." And here she told me, with twinkling eyes, how he got up and said, hurriedly, "Oh—Ah! Good morning, Mrs. S." "They 'spects us to sit all the time they're preachin'," she laughed; "but they runs out pretty sharp if we gets up into the pulpit!" The discomfiture of the parson seems here the chief point, not the old lady's faith in God. A Savoyard's references to "le bon Dieu," an Irishwoman's exclamations about "the good Jesus" have not this flavor about them. A parson to whom a friend of mine wrote for a reference for a parish schoolmaster, replied that he was "a man of a sub-acidulous temperament." The old lady was, no doubt, a Good Samaritan, but I suspect there was something "sub-acidulous" about her goodness. But I do not wish to end on this note. It is true and wonderful that poor old people dying of lingering, incurable diseases in miserable rooms will say that "the Lord has been very good to them," and that they "have much to be thankful for." Again thanking your correspondent for her instructive paper.—Yours, &c.,

CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

May 27th, 1910.

### "INTERFERENCE."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—After Mr. Roosevelt's performance at Guildhall, it is more than ever important that democrats interested in international affairs should be at pains to understand what sort of public interference in the affairs of another country is permissible, and what sort is not.

When 165 British M.P.'s recently sent two respectful memorials to the Duma on behalf of Finland, the "Westminster Gazette," which is a partizan of the official Anglo-Russian "entente," curtly rebuked them. To-night it recalls the fact, by way of excuse for administering a very mild castigation to Mr. Roosevelt. May I trespass upon your space to point out the difference between the two cases, and the reasons for thinking the "Westminster" as much wrong in the one as it is right in the other?

The word of judgment, "interference," implies a gratuitous, rather unfriendly act, without excuse either of desperate necessity, common interest, or juridical right. These qualifications apply to Mr. Roosevelt's lecture, but none of them applies to the Finland memorials. The difference is both formal and material. In this region, the manner is everything. Mr. Roosevelt's manner is that of the rough-rider with the "big stick." No such criticism can be made against the resolutions which many Chambers of Commerce have sent to St. Petersburg, the report of the Committee of British and Continental Jurists which met at Professor Westlake's house, and Sir Edward Fry's postscript, or the Parliamentary memorials to the Duma from the British, German, French, and Italian Chambers. These documents represent, not the hasty conclusions of a globe-trotter, but an unprecedented body of authoritative opinion expressed in restrained and sympathetic terms. Each of them implies a special right of friendly speech. (1) The Chambers of Commerce point out that the measures contemplated threaten to injure Anglo-Russian trade. They have as much right to do so as, for instance, to make representations in regard to the new French tariff. (2) The international jurists report specifically on Finland's treaty rights. If their argument can be answered, well and good; but the Government which summoned the Hague Conferences, and at the first, at least, made loud professions of a desire to extend the domain of international law, can hardly object to representations based on its elementary precepts. (3) The members of the four Parliaments appeal to a common interest in Parliamentary Constitutionalism, which found a classic expression when members of the Duma were welcomed into the body of the Inter-Parliamentary Union in Westminster Hall. The Duma may not feel strong enough to defend the Finnish Diet; but I cannot think it will resent the friendly suggestions of fellow Deputies in other lands.

A meeting in Trafalgar Square last Sunday voiced, indeed, a different kind of opinion, the defence of which would have to proceed on larger lines. Here people spoke to people, over the heads of Executives and Parliaments alike, and old soldiers of liberty set their slogan rolling from Nelson to Gordon and back again. Here the plea of vindication must be a desperate necessity, an irresistible movement of democratic union. Mr. Roosevelt may plead an equally good "right" and an equally great need of bureaucratic concentration. But in that he could hardly hope to carry the American people, even the "tail-twisters," with him.—Yours, &c.,

G. H. PERRIS.

June 2nd, 1910.

### MR. WELLS AND HIS MR. POLLY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Either Mr. Wells or Mr. Polly or your reviewer is wrong. The reviewer (p. 326) says "There is no attainment of any theory which will make his existence intelligible." Whether this be a complaint against Mr. Wells or Mr. Polly, it is, I suggest, not reasonable. Thank Heaven and the "Arabian Nights," new and old fiction exists for higher purposes of its own. Let those who demand theories of existence vainly seek them at the hands of dogmatic theologians and systematic philosophers. Poor Mr. Polly, in his failure to attain to any such theory, shares the common lot. Who has the secret of the universe, or anything else than relative knowledge, and a provisional rule of conduct, even "in the year of grace 1910"?—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE WHALE.

18, Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath, S.E.

May 31st, 1910.

### A COMPROMISE ON THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your article on the proposals of the Conciliation Committee for Woman Franchise you say with regard to the former proposals for partial enfranchisement, "on the same terms as men," that to enfranchise women on such terms would have been "to cure one injustice by creating another, to substitute a new class grievance for a sex grievance." I would go further and describe such a measure

as adding injustice to injustice. To disfranchise married women would be a crying and horrible iniquity.

Yet the same, or a similar, partiality reappears in the Compromise Bill. Most truly you point out, while rather favoring the compromise, that "the most obvious and weighty defect from the strictly Liberal standpoint (why not from the parent's standpoint?) is the practical exclusion of all married women," with certain exceptions.

Moreover, you contend that while continuing to press towards the goal of adult suffrage, the Conservative temper of our people renders it extremely unlikely that they will take the whole march in a single day. I cannot think this. History shows that the British people, where they see a big injustice, like to bring in a big reform, rather than a timid apologetic measure of one-sided favor. The logic of "the same terms as men" is misleading.—Yours, &c.,

ROLLO RUSSELL.

Steep, Petersfield,  
May 30th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All lovers of true Liberalism and reform will heartily agree with your leader termed, "A Compromise on the Suffrage." An early settlement of this question is desired by all parties, because it is not fitting that such a struggle should be carried on for so long in our country in these days, when political liberty is coming to be understood as one of the highest and noblest of aspirations.

In the Memorandum to the Bill on the circular which gives notice of it, there are two especially interesting points to which attention should be drawn. The former is contained in the sentence: "The patience and ability of the women of the older societies deserved an earlier reward." A whole volume of endeavor is contained in this sentence. What a monument of reproach is raised by such a statement to the obloquy and ridicule with which the movement was treated at its birth! What a monument is raised to the patience, endurance, and fortitude of the early pioneers!

In the last part of the Memorandum attention is drawn to the means by which this extension of the franchise will have been won: by the magnificent perseverance of the pioneers and by the glorious determination of their descendants, the so-called militant section. To the latter the Memorandum refers as "women of high character," whose "devotion and self-sacrifice" have been admired and deplored. These, however, are the qualities which have never failed to be evolved when any great world-force was at work, such, for example, as Christianity, or the defence of the country, children, or friends. Such qualities can never be called forth by any low motive or base cause. As the attention of the public and the legislators is now drawn to these two factors, we, who care for this cause, know that we shall not appeal in vain to lovers of fair play to do all in their power to secure the passage of this Bill for the sake of the women, but also even more for the sake of the nation, which should not be allowed to be under the shadow of a great injustice.—Yours, &c.,

C. STUART.

Dorset Hall, Merton, Surrey,  
May 31st, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your political leader on "A Compromise on the Suffrage," you criticise the proposed new Bill for Women's Franchise in the way that would be expected from a steady advocate of progress and reform. All societies working for this reform welcome the Bill as an instalment of the long-delayed measure of justice, and the fact that members of all parties are on the Conciliation Committee, whilst Front Bench men of the two great parties of our State have declared their intention of supporting it, is a matter of good augury for the passage of the measure. It is a well-known aphorism that most great measures of reform make their entry into English politics through compromise. We have only to consider Catholic emancipation in 1829, the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, and the extension of the Franchise in 1867, to understand that great steps in history are taken by means of mutual co-operation between the

parties. One other similarity should be noted. It is that decided agitation, and even rebellion, has preceded these compromises and has rendered them more inevitable. Hence we have parallels before us in history which seem to promise us success in the present. All the signs are here, and we hope they will be fulfilled. An objection raised to the present measure by many half-hearted friends at this moment is the contention that if this Bill were passed Parliament would cease to be representative, and that, therefore, it must only be brought forward when dissolution is imminent. There are two answers to this objection. The first is that even if the measure passed successfully this session, no woman could qualify to vote before January, 1911. And therefore Parliament would be representative till then. The other consideration is that the Veto issue must come before the country in the autumn, and be followed by an appeal to the country, which must come at the beginning of next year. By that time the women would be qualified to vote, and would justly be enabled to utter their voice on this important national matter, which concerns them as well as men. In fact, the women's vote would come just at the right moment.—Yours, &c.,

J. SMITH.

17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.  
May 31st, 1910.

## THE EGYPTIAN NATIONAL MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would give a small place to an Egyptian who is much more interested in the affairs of his country than the gentleman who calls himself "Old Friend of Egypt."

Mr. Dunn, in his letter, published in THE NATION on the 21st instant, says that there exists in Egypt a large class of natives who are not only far from agreeing with the Nationalists, but against them and against their native Press. He refers in another place to what is called "The Egyptian Constitutional Party," formed last year and composed, as he says, of a large number of influential Egyptians—landowners, capitalists, and industrials—who have important stakes in the country. Its object is the maintenance of the existing Constitution for twenty years longer.

I need not prove the weakness of the first half of his letter by words of my own, but I simply call attention to what Sir Eldon Gorst has written in his report lately published.

What Sir Eldon Gorst said in this case is that the class of landowners which was not interested in the public policy has lately taken a great part in it.

I would bring to your notice that the most important party and the first party organised in Egypt is composed of the great notables and landowners, who have really important stakes in the country. This is the "People's Party," whose organ is "Algarida," which I venture to say is the best newspaper in Egypt.

Thus the real class of notables, with their organ, is in the front of the whole nation, and it would be the first in demanding the constitutional government.

I need not mention the other classes of the country, since there is no doubt of their views. We can illustrate the desire of all the nation for "self-government" by what the General Assembly has shown in all its debates since 1902. More than four times the Constitution was voted by the whole majority of this Assembly, which represents the bulk of the population, and which really mirrors the impulse of Egypt.

As for the next part of the letter regarding the "Constitutional Party," I assure the reader that nothing of that kind exists in fact. That is a theoretical party, which has not taken any place in the public movement. Inasmuch as the name exists, but not the body, we can call it "still born."

Moreover, the intelligent and wealthy Idris Pasha was the first who approved and translated the "compte rendu" of Sheikh Aly Yousif against the speech of Mr. Roosevelt in Cairo. This fact shows that Idris Pasha himself agrees with the Nationalists in the cause of the Constitution.

I conclude by saying that training is necessary to give good results. Therefore, every "friend of Egypt" must agree

that it is more useful for it to be trained in "self-government" little by little, than to wait until the Egyptians are well educated.

It is not necessary, I hope and believe, that the people of Egypt must be philosophers or great statesmen in order to obtain the simple Constitution demanded by them, especially when we all know that she is still under the suzerainty of Turkey.

The last word to the whole world is that Egypt demands only Ministerial responsibility to the actual Legislative Council in purely Egyptian affairs.—Yours, &c.,

BAHGAT BATANOUNI,  
Egyptian.

Paris, May 29th, 1910.

#### "BACK TO THE POLITICAL ISSUE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a member of the rank and file of the Liberal Party, I should like to express my delight with the tone and spirit of your article, "Back to the Political Issue."

To pretend, as do our opponents, that it would be seemly and fitting to postpone the resumption of the constitutional struggle until after the Coronation is the merest hypocrisy. Whenever the Tories play a deep game for purely party purposes they always lay their plans well, and assume an air of sincerity which is apt to deceive the unwary.

But our opponents must surely entertain a very poor opinion of us if they imagine that any heed will be paid to their *ad misericordiam* appeals for the prolongation of the truce due to the lamented death of King Edward.

What the Tories really desire is that we should renounce our declared policy of making constitutional government a reality, and leave them in undisputed possession of the field with their policy of tariff reform. There are not wanting even in the Liberal ranks some who think that the decencies of the situation require the temporary postponement of the constitutional struggle. To these counsels of pusillanimity we must as a party reply with a course of action that shall be swift, prompt, and decisive.

Neither respect for the dead King nor loyalty to the living monarch requires the postponement of an issue more vital to our national future than any which has ever engaged the attention of Parliament. We look to our leaders to force the pace, and to force it to some purpose, on this supreme national issue. Should they fail to do so it will be the duty of the rank and file, acting through the local Liberal Associations, to compel them to recognise their sense of obligation and duty. The death of King Edward, greatly as we lament it, is, after all, but a sorrowful incident in our national life, whereas the clear and emphatic assertion of the inalienable rights of the Commons as opposed to the monstrous pretensions of the Lords is a vital and determining factor in our national development.

We hear occasional whispers of a compromise being arrived at on this great issue, but any compromise which falls short of the conditions embodied in the resolutions passed by the Commons will spell treason to Liberalism and democracy.

Let us fight to the end, and in the end we must triumph. The whole future of the progressive cause is bound up with the declared policy of the Liberal Party to vindicate the rights of the House of Commons as the organ of the nation.—Yours, &c.,

C. A. MILLEMAN.

7, Victoria Terrace, Liskeard,  
May 31st, 1910.

#### FREE OPENING OF WALMER CASTLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A question has been put and answered as follows in the House of Commons:—

"Question by Mr. Snowden,—To ask the First Commissioner of Works whether a certain portion of the grounds of Walmer Castle was the gift of Lord Liverpool, subject to the condition that it should never be alienated so long as there was a Lord Warden; whether a certain part thereof has been encroached upon by Sir Arthur Woollaston, whether any and what person has pretended to license such encroach-

ment; if so, whether such person had any and what authority for granting such licence; and whether he will forthwith take steps to put an end to such encroachment?"

"Answered by Mr. Harcourt,—There has been no alienation of land to Sir A. Woollaston, nor do I know of any encroachment by him. He holds a licence from the Commissioners of Works, terminable on notice, to occupy a copse in the Crown Meadow.

"The Commissioners of Works are now in charge of the Walmer Castle property on behalf of the Crown.

"There seems to be no occasion to revoke the licence."

The Commissioners of Works must be very unwilling to permit the public to know the facts, since they forget to answer the question as to the condition upon which Lord Liverpool made the gift of the large addition to the grounds of Walmer Castle. Again, they omit to state whether what is licensed to Sir Arthur Woollaston is part of that gift. They say the licence is for "a copse in the Crown Meadow." This reticence is very unsatisfying. Why not answer "Yes" or "No" to a plain question? Is it part of Lord Liverpool's gift? The matter cannot rest here. I trust Mr. Snowden or some other M.P. will question and question until it is made clear (a) who advised the grant of this licence; (b) why it was granted to Sir Arthur Woollaston; (c) what he pays for the licence; (d) whether the grant of the licence was put up to public competition so as to obtain the best price for it; (e) what advantage, or, rather, what detriment, accrues to the public interest by the grant of this licence?

A little daylight is desirable in the proceedings of the Commissioners of Works.—Yours, &c.,

J. FLETCHER LITTLE.

London, W.

### Poetry.

#### AN IDYLL.

*Good-night! We've watched together, and have seen the  
woods grow black,  
Good-night! The moth-like owls sweep out upon their  
track.*

You stay at last at my bosom with your beauty young  
and rare,  
Though your light limbs are as limber as the foal's that  
follows the mare,  
Brow fair and young and stately, where thought has now  
begun,  
Hair bright as the breast of the eagle when he strains  
up to the sun!

In the space of a broken castle I found you on a day  
When the call of the new-come cuckoo went with me all  
the way;  
You stood by the loosened stones that were rough and  
black with age,  
The fawn beloved of the hunter in the panther's broken  
cage!

So we went down together by paths your childhood knew,  
Remote you went beside me, like the spirit of the dew;  
Hard were the hedge-rows still, sloe-bloom was their  
scanty dower:  
You slipped it within your bosom, the bloom that scarce  
is flower!

And now you stay at my bosom with your beauty young  
and rare,  
Though your light limbs are as limber as the foal's that  
follows the mare,  
But always I will see you on paths your childhood knew,  
When remote you went beside me like the spirit of the  
dew!

PADRAIC COLUM.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Life of Cardinal Vaughan." By J. G. Snead-Cox. (Herbert & Daniel. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"A Medieval Garner: Human Documents from the Four Centuries Preceding the Reformation." By G. G. Coulton. (Constable. 21s. net.)

"Balzac." By Frederick Lawton. (Grant Richards. 15s. net.)

"In Lotus-Land Japan." By Herbert G. Ponting. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

"The American Civil War." By John Formby. (Murray. 18s. net.)

"The History of the Confederate War." By G. C. Eggleston. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 15s. net.)

"Glimpses of East Africa and Zanzibar." By Ethel Young-husband. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Church and the World in Idea and in History." Bampton Lectures for 1909. By Walter Hobbhouse. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"The Shadow of a Titan." By A. F. Wedgwood. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"Talleyrand et la Société Française." Par Frédéric Loliée. (Paris: Emile-Paul. 7fr. 50.)

"Nicolas Bergasse: Un Défenseur des Principes Traditionnels sous la Révolution." Introduction par Etienne Lamy. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)

"Français et Anglais en Egypte." Par Achille Biévès. (Paris: Roger et Chernoviz. 5fr.)

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MR. THOMAS HARDY's seventieth birthday falls on to-day (Thursday), and we venture to join in the many congratulations which the occasion will call forth. Mr. Hardy is by general consent the greatest of living English novelists, and not a few would add that he is also the greatest of living English poets. He began his literary career as a writer of verse, but in 1867 he relinquished the art for prose, until 1898, when his "Wessex Poems" was published. In the interval he gave to the world the great series of novels on which his fame is most widely based. Of late years Mr. Hardy has again confined himself to verse, and the whole English-speaking world will unite in the hope that his pen has not yet been definitely laid aside.

\* \* \*

A SELECTION from Mrs. Craigie's literary correspondence is being made by her father, Mr. John Morgan Richards, and will probably be published in the course of the coming autumn. The letters were written to Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Owen Seaman, the late Lady Curzon, Mr. George Alexander, and others in John Oliver Hobbes's wide circle of acquaintances. They contain judgments of books and other topics, many of them in the epigrammatic vein that distinguished Mrs. Craigie's novels. Mrs. Craigie had an extremely full social life; she delighted in its delights; and she wrote with frankness and high spirits.

\* \* \*

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE is engaged upon a book dealing with the life and times of John Wilkes, in which special attention will be given to Wilkes's correspondence and intercourse with the leaders of the French Revolution. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has already treated of Wilkes's career, but there remains a great mass of unpublished material which Mr. Melville intends to turn to account in the coming work.

\* \* \*

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON has written a critical essay on the character and genius of William Blake, which will appear in the early autumn in Messrs. Duckworth's "Popular Library of Art." A study of Hogarth, by Mr. Edward Garnett, will be published in the same series.

\* \* \*

In his coming biography of Chatterton, which Mr. Fisher Unwin announces for early publication, Mr. John H. Ingram makes use of a number of unpublished documents, which include the suppressed "Exhibition," several shorter poems, and a number of letters. Fresh material has also been discovered in regard to the poet's school days and his associates at Bristol, while Mr. Ingram gives a new view of Lambert's treatment of his apprentice. The relations of Chatterton with Horace Walpole are also discussed.

MESSRS. HACHETTE have just published "Etienne Mayran," the novel which Taine began to write about 1861, but soon laid aside and never completed. There are nine chapters in the fragment, which describes the early years of a boy who, left an orphan at the age of fourteen, is received into a sort of boarding-school, the master of which is anxious to obtain pupils who will distinguish themselves as competitors in the examinations, and thus give a reputation to his establishment. The gradual unfolding of the boy's mind until he realises the futility of an educational system which gives him nothing more than an ability to pass examinations, supplies Taine with material for a brilliant piece of psychological analysis. M. Bourget, who contributes a preface to the volume, tells us that the book is largely autobiographical, and that Taine decided not to go on with it because of his inability to treat it in a sufficiently objective way. In conversation with M. Bourget, Taine explained that the novelists whom he most admired—Tourgenieff, Flaubert, and Maupassant—never explain or comment on the words and actions of their characters, that this attitude is essential to the art of fiction, and that as he himself could not achieve it, the book had better remain unfinished. "I have tried to write a novel," he said, "but I have given it up. I found myself copying Stendhal without being aware of it."

\* \* \*

It is remarkable that the three greatest French critics of the nineteenth century, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, and Taine, should all have attempted fiction and have failed in the attempt. Renan's "Patrice," which was noticed in these columns some months ago, is, like Taine's "Etienne Mayran," a fragment only published after its author's death, but Sainte-Beuve founded great hopes on "Volupté" and was bitterly disappointed by its want of success. It finds an occasional reader at the present day, and is a document of capital importance for an understanding of the attitude of mind and the current of ideas that made the French Romantic movement possible. Indeed, the main interest of all three books is in the light they throw upon the intellectual and emotional development of their authors. The student of Sainte-Beuve, of Renan, or of Taine, will be able to form a better notion of his author's personality from an examination of the character of Amaury, of Patrice, or of Etienne Mayran.

\* \* \*

UNDER the title of "The Teachers of Emerson," Dr. J. S. Harrison has written a study which attempts to show that Emerson's main source of inspiration was not, as is generally assumed, the German transcendental philosophers, but was almost entirely due to Plato and Greek philosophy. For this purpose Dr. Harrison employs material which is said to be new and from original sources.

\* \* \*

SOME revelations concerning the circumstances of the Prince Imperial's death are promised in "The Memoirs of Princess Caroline Murat," a book which Mr. Eveleigh Nash has in the press. Princess Murat, who was a granddaughter of the King of Naples, lived on terms of close intimacy with the Empress Eugénie, both during the days of the Second Empire and after the Empress came to live in England. Among the subjects touched upon in the "Memoirs" are the events which led up to the Franco-German War.

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MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE has written a volume of verse which will be published by Mr. John Murray, under the title of "Poems and Ballads."

\* \* \*

"NINETEENTH CENTURY ARTISTS—ENGLISH AND FRENCH" is the title of a book by Professor William Knight, of St. Andrews, to be published by Messrs. Otto, Schulze and Co. Ruskin, Turner, and the Pre-Raphaelite School are among the topics treated, and all have been chosen as illustrating the literary side of art. A number of personal recollections adds greatly to the interest of the volume.

\* \* \*

THE Cambridge University Press has nearly ready a biography of the late Professor F. W. Maitland, by Professor H. A. L. Fisher. A number of letters written by Maitland to Leslie Stephen, Sir Frederick Pollock, Professor Vinogradoff, Dr. A. W. Verrall, and others, will be included.

## Reviews.

### THE RELATIONS OF PITT AND THE KING.\*

MR. WINSTANLEY has written an extremely interesting and careful analysis of the conduct of the elder Pitt during the first years of the reign of George the Third. They are years of supreme importance to those who wish to understand Pitt's career and the development of Parliamentary Government. They are largely made up of the personal machinations of a set of men of whom few deserved or received the admiration of posterity, and they form a singularly uninspiring sequel to the brief and splendid hour of glory which gave Pitt his immortality and England her Empire. Consequently they are treated, as a rule, with neglect. Mr. Winstanley has done a public service in making this patient and thorough examination. His narrative, though it follows a labyrinth of intrigue, is not only interesting and animated, but is illuminating and very clear.

When George the Third came to the throne Pitt was at the very height of his splendid power. France feared him, Europe admired him, England regarded him with an ecstatic confidence, natural to a nation which had, under his dazzling leadership, passed to triumph from despair. He had the look and manner of omnipotence. There seemed no reason to suspect that his power was in any danger, or that his domestic political ambitions were on the brink of collapse. Least of all did it look as if the new King was to destroy him. The new sovereign was a stripling without political experience; his bible was Bolingbroke, and his mentor was Bute; he had no personal fascination; no gifts of mind. Yet his eloquence, his popularity, his wide and victorious renown, his great knowledge of men and affairs could not save Pitt from defeat at the hands of this crude and uneducated youth. Mr. Winstanley's history covers only six years, but these years were decisive. His volume closes on the victory of the King.

One sentence in Bolingbroke's "Idea of a Patriot King" sums up the ideal which George the Third had been taught to pursue. "Instead of putting himself at the head of one party in order to govern his people, he will put himself at the head of his people in order to govern, or more properly, to subdue all parties." This was the King's cry: it happened also to be Pitt's. But the King hated every idea in Pitt's head, except his one desire for the dissolution of parties; and thus, whereas Pitt helped the King to destroy the Whig party, the King had not the remotest intention of helping Pitt to attain any of the ideals on which his heart was set. For the King worked out his theory in such a way as to destroy Pitt's power as well as Pitt's ideas, and if he died when the ignorant will of the King had brought the Empire within sight of ruin, the reason was that he had been betrayed into allowing himself to become the instrument of a far inferior mind. Mr. Winstanley traces with great care in his interesting narrative the means and stages by which George the Third and Bute developed their aims, and that narrative makes it quite clear that if Pitt had not been led into a false position, neither George the Third's corruption nor Bute's self-sacrificing ingenuity could have effected their object. Party government had no very inspiring traditions or memories, and it was not surprising that Pitt should have rebelled against a system which set up stately mediocrities to govern England, and made politics an art of accommodations and intrigues. But Pitt is surely very much to blame for his very slow awakening to the consequences and realities of the King's alternative. For the King aimed at making the House of Commons, which, on the Whig theory, was to control the power of the Crown, an engine and weapon of that power. He accepted the general settlement of 1688 by which he had to govern in harmony with the House of Commons, but his idea of that settlement was that the House of Commons should be adjusted to the wishes of the Crown, rather than that the Crown should adapt itself to

the wishes of the House of Commons. To carry out this policy, he had two main expedients. One was to release himself from the power of compact Cabinets. He saw that a government which acknowledged collective responsibility and was formed out of one party only must get its way, whereas if Ministers were so many individuals, owing no common loyalty, but looking severally to the King, suspicious of each other and pursuing separate and discrepant policies, the King would be able to control his Cabinet. The second expedient was the building up of a system of royal influence in Parliament. The simplest way to do this was to adopt all the Whig stock-in-trade of corruption. George the Third threw himself into this scheme with great ardor, and the first elections held under the Patriot King eclipsed all their predecessors in bribery and intimidation. So little, indeed, did this strict and virtuous man allow scruples of any kind to embarrass his choice of methods or men, that on one occasion, as Mr. Winstanley points out, he took his Chancellor of the Exchequer from the Hell-Fire Club. Sir Francis Dashwood, the Minister in question, was, unfortunately, as ignorant as he was dissolute, and "it stands on record that the cyder tax, imposed in 1763, owed its origin to the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was incapable of understanding the details of a linen tax sufficiently to explain them to the House of Commons."

The history of the first part of George the Third's reign is the history of the struggle between the Court, aiming at this ideal and pursuing such methods, and a set of men for whom there is, at least, this to be said—that their rule was infinitely better than the rule of the Court, and that, as far as this struggle was concerned, their cause was the cause of free and honest government. To say this is not to idealise the very ordinary aristocratic virtues of the Rockinghams, or to make Burke into a democratic genius. Their party had no desire to disturb the aristocratic monopoly of government, but they did desire that this government, while remaining in the hands of a small class, should be in general sympathy with public opinion, and that it should respect certain principles of freedom. Pitt went a good deal further than the Rockinghams in the desire to see some kind of relation between public opinion and Parliamentary government. He disliked their timidity, their close class ideas. Of all men he ought to have seen that if the King's plan were allowed to succeed, it would destroy all hope of popular reform. The secret control of Cabinets and the House of Commons was a far greater evil, and an evil far more difficult to combat, than the system of party connexions, which Pitt wished to undermine. How fatal it was to let that system take root is seen in the fact that, in spite of crushing disasters and growing national discontent, North was able, relying on this secret control alone, to maintain his position as Prime Minister from 1770 to 1782. Or take Pitt's own history from 1766 to 1768. He thought he was carrying out his no-party policy and forming a strong Government when he took office with Conway, Grafton, Shelbourne, Camden, and North. In effect he was forming a Government which the King could bend at his pleasure, and it was while Pitt was nominally a King's Minister that Townshend carried his Act for taxing America, and that the House of Commons declared that its vote could permanently exclude Wilkes from Parliament. Pitt himself had been, perhaps, the chief instrument in building up this immense power in the hands of the King, of a King, too, who might be trusted never to make any but a mischievous use of it. His capital mistake was the failure to see that the development of the power of the Crown was the alternative to the development of the power of the people. Many, indeed most, of the Whigs did not wish to see power grow in either of these directions. Pitt, who was in imagination much more enlightened and advanced than men like Newcastle or Rockingham, was, in fact, more reactionary, for their main conception, that of a Parliament controlling the Crown, was essential to the success of his own dreams, and by attacking it he was promoting, not his own larger ideas, but the King's smaller ideas. Years later, when the Court had used the power, which it owed to him, in such a way as to make it seem very likely that nothing would be left of his magnificent victories but a splendid legend, Pitt saw his mistake, and publicly recanted. But this happened some years after the point at which Mr. Winstanley's book concludes. His book gives a clear account of the several

\* "Personal and Party Government: A Chapter in the Political History of the Early Years of the Reign of George III. 1760-1766." By D. A. Winstanley, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer, Trinity College. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d. net.

mistakes that led to this lamentable result. In some of them Pitt cannot be acquitted of a certain childishness of temper, and if his imagination made it difficult for him to put up with the shortcomings of the party system, it is true also that his character made it difficult for him to accept its moral discipline.

### A POET MYSTIC.\*

MR. ALEISTER CROWLEY has some considerable fame of an esoteric kind; but he is far too good a poet for a coterie to possess, and this selection from his poems, even though it be "small and unrepresentative" (as the author's preface asserts), is a very welcome publication. The poems printed in "Ambergris" are, at any rate, sufficient to show anyone who has the true, unquenchable thirst for poetry that Mr. Crowley's song is something remarkable, both for its inner and its outer music—its spacious and, at times, magnificent imagery, its subtle use of verbal suggestion, and its ringing metre and unusually fine stanza-construction. The last-named is possibly the most potent element in the beauty of Mr. Crowley's poetry; it certainly makes the stanzaic poems hold his occasionally violent and extravagant diction better than the other poems, since torrents of words must flow through moulds of rigorous form or risk wasting half their strength. There is no mistaking the prosodic skill in these stanzas from a Chorus:—

"In the ways of the North and the South,  
Whence the dark and the dayspring are drawn,  
We pass with the song of the mouth  
Of the notable Lord of the Dawn.  
Unto Ra, the desire of the East, let the clamour of singing  
proclaim  
The fire of his name!"

"In the ways of the depth and the height,  
Where the multitude stars are at ease,  
This is music and terrible night,  
And the violent song of the seas.  
Unto Mou, the most powerful Lord of the South, let our worship  
declare  
Him Lord of the Air!"

And, for another and contrasted sample of his stanza-construction, the first verse of a descriptive poem of "Hong Kong Harbor" will show his use of a quieter music:—

"Over a sea like stained glass  
At sunset like a chrysopras:—  
Our smooth-oared vessel over-rides  
Crimson and green and purple tides.  
Between the rocky isles we pass,  
And greener islets gay with grass;  
Between the over-arching sides  
Our pinnacle glides."

But the finest stanza-form in "Ambergris" is the long, elaborate one used for the admirable "Invocation of Hecate," in every way perhaps the most remarkable poem here given, from which we shall have to quote when we come to consider the intellectual qualities of Mr. Crowley's verse. It should be mentioned, however, while we are still on this matter, that Mr. Crowley can also work his own music into stanza-forms that have long ago been brought to famous perfection, as Sapphics and the Rubaiyat-verse—a much more difficult task, on the whole, than the invention of new forms. His Omar quatrain follows Swinburne's "Laus Veneris" rather than FitzGerald, the stanzas being linked in couples by rhyme in the third line; and the Sapphics betray the same modifying influence. The Swinburnesque energy, too, of the anapaest choric stanzas quoted above is pretty obvious; and, indeed, it may be said that the spirit of Swinburne has helped to compose a good deal of the passionate, clangorous poetry in "Ambergris," working sometimes at the phrasing as well as at the metre.

But Swinburne has not had much to do with the content of Mr. Crowley's poetry. Resemblances to Shelley may be traced in some of his matter; but really the thought, and the emotion of thought, which support this poetry, are entirely and intensely Mr. Crowley's own. And these, as a rule, are the main things in poetry. By that, of course, we are far from meaning that the value of a poet is measurable by the value to the world of the "message" which fills him. What we do mean, however, is that the worth of

a poet largely depends on the value of his own "message" to himself—provided, of course, that he is genuinely a poet, one who can make music of his thought. Here is a verse, the music of which is enough by itself to prove Mr. Crowley a poet:—

"The sun looks over the memorial hills,  
The trampling of his horses heard as wind;  
He leaps and turns, and all his fragrance fills  
The shade and silence; all the rocks and rills  
Ring with the triumph of his steeds behind."

A very casual glance at "Ambergris" will convince anyone with understanding eyes that Mr. Crowley is as passionately possessed by his theme as any poet ever has been. This should ensure a constant achievement of notable poetry. But, as a fact, it does not. The achievement varies immensely, from a vague outpouring of syllables to clean-cut, pregnant phrases, and a precise splendor of imagery. Sometimes Mr. Crowley's failure comes from a desire to strain language beyond its capabilities, which leads him further to use all possible and impossible forms of speech. For instance, he will write these daring and excellent lines:—

"For, know! the moon is not the moon until  
She hath the knowledge to fulfil  
Her music, till she know herself the moon."

And then he follows them up with this, which is, to be plain, simply bungling:—

"The stone unhewn.  
Foursquare, the sphere of human hands immune,  
Was not yet chosen for the corner-piece  
And keystone of the Royal Arch of Sex;  
Unsolved the ultimate x."

The fault of such lapses does not really lie in any aberration of poetic power. It is merely that Mr. Crowley is endeavoring to sing what is unsingable. This is the penalty that mysticism must always pay, sooner or later; and mysticism is Mr. Crowley's theme. Precisely what species of mysticism he professes, or rather, for all mysticisms are fundamentally the same, into what shape of metaphors and symbols Mr. Crowley has fashioned his mysticism, we need not stop to determine. Its importance to him is immense; it is the hinge of his whole thought. To us, its importance is simply that it carries him often into excellent poetry. The main intellectual passions which move him will be familiar to all who have studied writers tinged or impregnated with mystical and transcendental thought:—

"For secret symbols on my brow,  
And secret thoughts within,  
Compel eternity to Now,  
Draw the Infinite within.  
Light is extended. I and Thou  
Are as they had not been."

"The Palace of the World" and "The Rosicrucian" are two poems in which the fundamental yearnings of mysticism find expression which is simple and intelligible as well as vehement and beautiful. As for the details of Mr. Crowley's creed, they are exceedingly eclectic, not to say conglomerate. The Buddhistic flavor, for instance, in this striking verse is unmistakable:—

"Still on the mystic Tree of Life  
My soul is crucified;  
Still strikes the sacrificial knife  
Where lurks some serpent-eyed  
Fear, passion, or man's deadly wife  
Desire, the suicide."

For his mystical calendar, Egypt supplies him with a troop of deities, Ra and Toun and Mou, no longer "brutish gods of Nile," but "notable lords" and "most powerful lords"; Greece supplies him with Orpheus; "and many more too long." In general, as long as Mr. Crowley's poetry is working through his mythological machinery, it is, though somewhat baffling to the mind unlearned in strange faiths, at a high pitch of excellence; because it is constrained and the thought kept ordered. There is also much other systematic symbolism, which does the same office; the spirits and virtues of precious stones, for example:—

"Lapis-lazuli for love  
And ruby for enormous force."

But mysticism is seldom content with symbolic or other restriction, though some kind of restriction of thought is absolutely essential to poetry. There are vague doctrines in

\*"Ambergris: A Selection from the Poems of Aleister Crowley." Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.



Mr. Crowley's mind which are probably quite irreducible, even by way of suggestion, to terms which originate in sensuous and reasonable experience; and a determination to express these super-subtle thoughts too often results in nothing but an incondite mass of language. But sometimes, as in an extraordinary poem called "The Reaper," Mr. Crowley surprisingly succeeds in snaring, as it were, into a haze of poetry some of those unappointed fires of the soul which have as yet found no place in the recognised thoughts and emotions of man, of which few are even conscious—those fires which are, ultimately, the life of all mysticism. No doubt, however, there will be those who will strongly prefer the poems in "Ambergris" in which verbal beauty is unweaved by philosophy, such as the descriptive poems, or the address of Orpheus to his regained Eurydice, which ends with this fine stanza:—

"The green-hearted hours shall burst into flowers.  
The winds shall waft roses from uttermost Ind.  
Our nuptial dowers shall be birds in our bowers,  
Our couches the delicate heaps of the wind,  
Where the lily-bloom showens all its light, and the powers  
Of earth in our twinning are wedded and twinned."

Nevertheless, we must look for Mr. Crowley's best work in those poems wherein he is really supported, not merely inflated, by his creed, whatever the creed may be. Then he is kept safe from lapses into triviality and bombast, to both of which faults he is certainly liable. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of the support given him by his mysticism is in the exceedingly fine "Invocation of Hecate," already mentioned. This is something more than an exercise in literary magic, like Horace's or Ben Jonson's, admirable as poetry though the *Canidia* Epode and the *Masque of Queens* are. But Mr. Crowley's "Invocation" seems earnest with belief; not necessarily, of course, with a belief in Hecate herself, but in some power, in the mind or in the spiritual universe, which the dreaded name of Hecate dimly shadows forth. This is the second stanza of the poem:—

"Here where the band of Ocean breaks the road  
Black-trodden, deeply-stopping, to the abyss,  
I shall salute thee with the nameless kiss  
Pronounced toward the uttermost abode  
Of thy supreme desire.  
I shall illumine the fire  
Whence thy wild stryges shall obey the lyre,  
Whence thy Lemurs shall gather and spring round,  
Girdling me in the sad funeral ground  
With faces turned back.  
My face averted! I shall consummate  
The awful act of worship, O renowned  
Fear upon earth, and fear in hell, and black  
Fear in the sky beyond Fate!"

Enough has been said to show that Mr. Aleister Crowley's "Ambergris" is a volume containing notable poetry. Mr. Crowley's output has been considerable, and a small book of selections from it can only give a glimpse of his power. Possibly "Ambergris" may arouse sufficient interest in his writing to warrant the publication of his collected works at a price which will not dismay those who are not yet (in Mr. Crowley's own phrase) "free from gold's illusion."

#### THE CHARACTER OF CECIL RHODES.\*

It is impossible to quarrel with Sir Thomas Fuller's general plan and purpose in his monograph of Cecil Rhodes. His book is intentionally slight, and it is the work of a friend and associate, rather than of a critic. Sir Thomas must be reckoned, with some reserves, a partisan of Rhodes, and only a partisan in South African politics will accept as satisfactory the light touch with which he sketches the story of the formation of the Chartered Company. Few tales of speculative inflation are less agreeable; and if we realise, as we must realise, that part, at least, of Rhodes's fortune arose from it, we must both add something to Sir Thomas's estimate of his career, and take something from it. Rhodes was a financier, and not a scrupulous financier, and of this side of his activities Sir Thomas allows us to see nothing. On other aspects of them he is both enlightening and discriminating. His view of Rhodes as a politician comes, we think, fairly near the reality. Rhodes was a man of large executive ideas, with an inferior capacity for carrying

them out. Sir Thomas Fuller rightly traces a half-conscious, half-unconscious, resemblance to Napoleon—that evil genius of the ambitious man—which, as any visitor to the collections of Groot Schuur can see, dwelt strongly in Rhodes's mind. We must not lower the standard of intellectual comparisons. Napoleon's subtle, orderly, yet incalculable Italian brain was an altogether finer organism than Rhodes's astute but faulty intelligence, whose essential slovenliness showed itself both in vagueness of speech and unsatisfying looseness of detail. But Rhodes had one or two Napoleonic gifts. He could organise men, and he could think at large. He had the true spirit of the pioneer; and if he had also possessed patience and exactness of mind, his dreams, instead of convulsing a Continent, might have passed, without a shock, into substantial realities.

Sir Thomas Fuller's sketch of Rhodes's personal character presents, like all views of men who attain or approach greatness, some pretty sharp contradictions. Sir Thomas suggests that he was not conspicuous for physical bravery. Thus, when lions were about, he preferred to have a middle place in a night laager. But he risked his life freely in the Matabele campaign, and brought a high type of courage to bear on the famous settlement with the tribesmen. The moral dilemmas of his nature are even less easily resolved. Was Rhodes a good or a bad friend? He was capable of great kindness—Sir Thomas records that he spent £12,000 out of his private purse in helping the derelicts of the Matabele war. On the other hand, he coolly deceived his old comrade Hofmeyr, and it is impossible to conclude that he was quite chivalrous to Dr. Jameson. Intolerant of opposition, he usually attributed it to private malice rather than to public spirit, and could rarely see justice in the criticism of friends. It is doubtful whether he ever acknowledged his full share in the Raid, for he was too proud to confess a fault, and not quite courageous enough to suffer its full penalty. Yet it must be said of him that more than any of his contemporaries he divined the goal of South African statesmanship, and up to a point developed with great skill and daring the only method of approaching it, *i.e.*, through harmonious action between the Dutch and English. Krugerism had, no doubt, to be broken down, so that the northern extension, which was his dream, might not be checked at a hundred points by mere provincial conservatism, and if Rhodes had stuck to his Dutch allies at the Cape, he might have destroyed it without the war. He would, indeed, have sealed an Act of Confederation minus the flag. "We can federate," he said, "without bringing up that awful question of the flag." At the same time he was, we think, an honest, and, at the true midsummer of his career, before failure and error had embittered him, a broad-minded Imperialist. He had an affection for South Africa, but to his almost pagan love of the soil where he had pitched his tent was joined an instinctive passion for his native land and his old University. In his fashion, he meant good to both, and good to each through the other. He possessed many qualities for this work of permeation. His mental standards were well fitted to a new country, whose landscape developed the rather wild strain of poetry in his nature. Uncultured himself, he was a friend of culture, so far as it bore on his rude, but definite and consistent conceptions of life. He was not a Christian; and his toleration and half-contemptuous patronage of South African Churches and Missions had something of the Roman Imperial spirit which he admired. He seemed to think, according to Sir Thomas Fuller, that he could graft on to British Colonialism the best moral conceptions of Roman life—its order, dignity, delight in material achievement, and zeal for social organisation. His personal religion, devoid of definite theistic belief, included a kind of dreamy nature-worship, to which the mountain scenery of Table Mountain, at once sombre and rich, sensibly contributed. "I want you," he said, to Sir George Martin, to whom he had shown the wonderful panorama of the mountains of Stellenbosch, "when you go back, to think of this scene, and put it in your music at St. Paul's." His naturalism was expressed still more frankly in an address delivered at the laying of the foundation stone of a Presbyterian Church near Capetown.

"I remember when the Bishop of Derry was out here and was staying with me, when the Bishop's daughter was married,

\* "The Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes: A Monograph and a Reminiscence." By Sir Thomas E. Fuller, K.C.M.G. Longmans. 6s. net.

from my house, how, on the Sabbath, the Bishop said to me, 'I suppose you are coming to hear me at Rondebosch Church,' and I replied, 'No sir; I have got my own chapel.' The Bishop said, 'Where is it?' And I replied, 'Up in the mountain.' The Bishop thereupon remarked, 'Dear me, dear me, a nice place to have your church.' The fact is, if I may take you into my confidence, that I do not care for a particular church even on one day in the year when I use my own chapel at all other times. I find that up in the mountain one gets thoughts—what you may term religious thoughts—because they are thoughts for the betterment of humanity, and I believe that that is the best description of religion to work for—the betterment of the human beings who surround us."

It is unnecessary to speak of the social qualities that made Rhodes's beautiful house of Groote Schuur the best intellectual and political exchange that South Africa has ever had. If the trail of finance had not been over part of the society that met there, its influence for good could not have been easily measured. The Raid and the war broke its master; and those who saw him in those clouded days and observed the growing irritability which Sir Thomas Fuller notes, the uneasy tone of his always abrupt, flash-light talk—could see how the consciousness of error was working in the depths of an often obscured, but not ignoble, intelligence. Mixed as he was in the game of speculative finance, Rhodes had a central honesty of character, and his part in the Raid affronted it. He who knew South Africa and what it wanted knew also that in a moment of folly he had thrown half the fruits of his knowledge away. He blustered against "unctuous rectitude," but he had public conscience enough to know that what he had done offended against honor, and raised insuperable obstacles to his own career. But if there was a Rhodes who lost the key to South Africa, there was an earlier Rhodes who discovered it, and it is he whom history will be slow to forget.

#### THE "RED AND BLACK" PRINCIPALITY.\*

To the majority of people, we must suppose, Monaco means Monte Carlo, and Monte Carlo means Red and Black. If some among the majority were told that Hercules had landed at the Rock of Monaco, they would almost certainly ask what capital he took with him, and whether he played a "martingale" or a "paroli," and in all likelihood the last question would be: "Is it true that he broke the bank?" If you said that Hercules had not once visited the tables, they would privately believe that he had never been to Monaco at all. For Hercules, had he been properly brought up, and duly instructed in the legends of his time, must, of course, have known something about gambling, and would surely have tried his luck at the wheel. Was there not an allegory which told how, from the union of the Goddess of Fortune with the God of War, there sprang a shapeless or defeated child named Gaming, who could never be pleased except at cards, counters, or dice? From Gaming, according to another tale, there were produced the twins, Duelling and Suicide—but this may be putting too fine a point on it. Hercules, however, when he first touched at Monaco, had one of his celebrated tasks in hand, the affair of the oxen of Geryones; and as he was not a person who left things to chance, he might have resisted the blandishments of M. Blanc, had that gentleman gone to the landing-stage to meet him. But this, in the Malapropian way, is an anticipation of the past or a retrospection of the future; for by no revolutions of the heavens can we bring Hercules and M. Blanc together on any landing-stage in Europe. Hercules is the mythical founder of Monaco, but he had withdrawn from the scene some years before the invasion of the Frenchman and his croupiers.

As mythical as Hercules, to the general run of gamblers at Monte Carlo, may be the name of Grimaldi (of merry import once at Drury Lane), though the reigning Prince of Monaco is of that historic family. It is in the 10th century that the Grimaldi, an adventurous and forceful Genoese stock, make their appearance at this lovely spot on the Franco-Italian coast. The 10th century is not so very remote from us, yet the origin of the House of Grimaldi has been disputed. Miss Mayne, whose knowledge of her subject is nowhere in the least obscure, leaves us in no doubt as to the beginnings

of this interesting House. The high Italian origin of the Grimaldi is well attested, and

"the brilliant achievements of its men shine forth in almost every warlike operation of the Middle Ages. Of its women we hear nothing. . . . The alliances were for the most part distinguished; Grimaldis got the pick of the European basket, which seems to make it the more certain that their wives were really well-behaved. . . . It is all the stranger, too, because a Grimaldi husband was apparently never at home. He was always fighting somebody—commanding a ship, or leading an army, climbing a mountain, investing a city, running a blockade."

The vicissitudes of families, as of cities, are fantastic enough to leave very little room for surprise at any ultimate fate that may befall them; yet it is with a passing wonder that we think of the modern representatives of these lusty fighters, pirates, and freebooters, living placidly on the proceeds of the world's chief gaming-hell. With the transference of Nice to France in 1860, the Principality (at once the tiniest and the loveliest in Europe) passed for the second time under French protection: it had been annexed by the National Convention in 1793. But some years before 1860 (a date that will be remembered in connection with Napoleon III., Victor Emmanuel, and the disappointing campaign against Austria in the north of Italy) the question had already arisen with the reigning Prince Charles of Monaco: How was money to be got out of this toy kingdom? The answer, says Miss Mayne, came to him in a simple formula: "Why should not Monaco, like Mentone, have her winter season and her *bains-de-mer*?" Thus was the first step taken "towards the present unique distinction of his estates." But a good deal goes to the making of a tip-top hell, and Charles's brimstone seems to have been not of the best quality. Money was sorely needed. The Grimaldis had but three rooms and an audience chamber in their dilapidated royal residence; their lackeys went in tattered liveries; they had neither horse nor carriage; "and they breakfasted on red herrings, and dined on anchovy-toast and olives." Then, in 1856, gaming-tables were set up.

"Money began to come in, but Charles's exactions kept pace with it; the concessionaires were soon calling him *Le Brochet*—The Pike, after a fish notorious for the Grimaldi characteristics. Then, in 1863, appeared M. François Blanc, and in a flying visit bought casino, concessionaires, and plateau; in 1870 he returned, and this time purchased Principality and Princes for a term of sixty years."

Blanc was a convicted swindler, who had got off with a very light term of imprisonment. On his release, he opened the Kursaal at Homburg, and made a fortune. After the war of 1870 the Emperor William I. suppressed public gambling all over his Empire, and Blanc, expelled from Germany, migrated to Monaco. He spent fifteen million francs on his scheme, and died in 1877 worth two hundred million—regretting that he had made so little for his children.

"In 1869 Monegascons themselves had protested—had even, in a mild sort of way, revolted. Charles had taken fright, and had thought seriously of taking flight as well; but Blanc, already potent in his counsels (though not till 1870 absolute master), had induced him to sign a decree abolishing all taxes. 'Vive le Prince! vive M. Blanc!' had been the inevitable consequence; and thenceforth roulette has paid for everything in Monaco—taxes, police, music, magistrates, and the rest."

Charles, totally blind in his latter years, died in 1889, and we know not what truth there was in the story that he "had been devoured by remorse for the condition of his infamous Principality." In any case, he left it as a legacy to his son, Albert, who devotes the income he draws from the tables (two million francs a year, with occasional "extras" of from ten to fifteen millions) to oceanographic studies, the value of which to science is, we believe, debated.

Miss Mayne, who has mastered her documents thoroughly, writes in a lively, colloquial, and always entertaining manner.

#### BOSSUET'S RIVAL.\*

ALTHOUGH the analogy is not exact, and if pressed too far becomes misleading, there is a clear resemblance between the relations of Bossuet with Fénelon and those of Manning with Newman. In each case we see a feeling of regard and esteem

\* "Fénelon." Par Jules Lemaitre. Paris: Fayard. 3 fr. 50.

"Apologie Pour Fénelon." Par Henri Bremond. Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.

\* "The Romance of Monaco and Its Rulers." By Ethel Colburn Mayne Hutchinson. 16s. net.



giving way, for reasons that are difficult to understand, to one of inveterate hostility. In each case we have, on the one hand, a character whose earnestness and elevation were qualified by a certain degree of hardness, inflexibility, and even arrogance; on the other, a more sensitive and feminine type with a capacity for affection and a power of entering into the more delicate ranges of feeling unknown to his opponent. And, to take one further point in the comparison, in each case it was the more engaging personality who was forced into the shade. "Probably no man," says M. Lemaitre, "has ever won a more fervent and faithful affection, or from choicer and purer spirits, than Fénelon." M. Bremond, already known to English as well as French readers by his interesting study of Newman, describes Fénelon, in the able defence which he has just published, "as one of the dearest glories of French Catholicism."

There are few more interesting studies than to trace the germ and early beginnings of ideas which have deeply influenced human thought in the works of the great men who had but a dim apprehension of whither they were tending. Both the books before us are of interest from this point of view. M. Bremond seems to imply—though he certainly does not say it in so many words—that part of the spiritual ancestry of Modernism is to be found in the mystical theology which Fénelon advocated with so much fervor. While M. Lemaitre, approaching the subject from a more literary standpoint, sees in the writings of the Archbishop of Cambrai a beginning of the eighteenth century sensibility which was destined to pass from Rousseau into Chateaubriand and find its full development in the Romantic movement. That there was much in his feeling for nature, and especially nature in her wilder aspects, which we often imagine to be a peculiarly modern note, can hardly be questioned. His ode, "Montagnes de qui l'audace," as well as frequent passages in the "Télémaque" and the "Dialogues des Morts," are proof enough. But we imagine it would not be difficult to find something similar in the writings of several of his contemporaries. La Fontaine has also been claimed as showing this spirit. After all, the test to apply is to examine how far the feeling entered into succeeding writers, and, judged by this, Rousseau is the true originator of Romanticism.

A claim for Fénelon that can be substantiated more easily is that he was a precursor of the modern movement for the education of women. His first book, the treatise "De l'Education des Filles," came at an opportune moment. A year before, Madame de Maintenon had opened her college for young ladies at Saint-Cyr, and she was giving much thought and energy to secure its success. The book attracted her notice, and, as she and Fénelon had a common friend, the Duc de Beauvilliers, an acquaintance was begun which soon ripened into friendship, and the Abbé, who was not lacking in ambition, found himself appointed as a sort of mystical director to the King's unavowed wife. What more natural than soon afterwards, when it became necessary to choose a tutor for the heir to the throne, the young Duke of Burgundy, that Fénelon should be appointed? No position could have pleased him more. He was ambitious, and here was an opportunity to mould the character and direct the energies of the future ruler of France. He entered upon the task with zeal and ability, though hardly with worldly prudence. M. Lemaitre explodes the notion originated by Saint-Simon, that Fénelon's influence transformed the Duke of Burgundy from a monster into a saint, but it is certain that the pupil retained an affection for his master and that the master's teaching was well suited to his charge. Fénelon had his own notion of the functions of a patriot king and expressed them with firmness and precision—how different from the slobbering flattery of our modern Press!—in "Télémaque," that manual intended to familiarise his pupil, not only with the personages of Homer and Virgil, but also with the virtues that belong to kingship. To avoid war, to remove the grievances of the peasants, to repress the nobles, and to live for his people instead of for selfish luxury and ostentation, were the lessons it inculcated, and on these Louis XIV. could hardly look with approval. The builder of Versailles must have had an unaccustomed shock when he read Mentor's words to the builder of Salente:—

"Vous avez épuisé vos richesses. Vous n'avez songé ni à augmenter votre peuple, ni à cultiver vos terres fertiles.

Vous ne songez au-dedans de votre nouvelle ville qu'à y faire des ouvrages magnifiques. . . . Vous ne deviez songer qu'à l'agriculture et à l'établissement des plus sages lois—à avoir beaucoup de bons hommes et des terres bien cultivées pour les nourrir."

Louis XIV.'s selfish and mediocre intelligence could rise to no such conception. For him Fénelon was "le plus bel esprit, et le plus chimérique de mon royaume."

There might, however, have been no rupture had not another issue appeared. Fénelon had in the meantime become acquainted with Madame Guyon. "Il la vit," says Saint-Simon; "leur esprit se plut l'un à l'autre; leur sublime s'amalgama." As a matter of fact Fénelon was deeply read in mystic theology, and though at first inclined to look on Madame Guyon with suspicion, he ended by believing that her views were the same as those of St. Theresa and St. François de Sales. The cold and placid Madame de Maintenon, whom one longs, even at this distance of time, to shake out of her self-righteousness, had constituted herself protectress of the orthodoxy of France, and when these new ideas took possession of her beloved Saint-Cyr, she felt that matters had gone too far. Bossuet sided with her, and Fénelon, whose chivalrous spirit revolted at the notion of deserting a woman whom he believed to be in the right, refused to retract. His "Maximes des Saints" gave rise to one of those furious theological quarrels which surprise us so much in the history of the seventeenth century, and perhaps are best explained as diversions from the appalling boredom of the Court of the Roi-Soleil. "On ne parlait pas d'autre chose jusque chez les femmes," says Saint-Simon, who also remarks that nobody except the theologians could understand it, and even they had to read it three or four times. But, understand it or not, everybody took sides. The King dismissed Fénelon from Court and compelled Fénelon's brother, an officer in the Guards, to resign his commission. Here, according to the theologian who drew up the "Analyse de la controverse du quiétisme" for the 1820 edition of the work, is its essential virus:—

"Madame Guyon admits the fundamental principle of Molinos, that is to say, the continuous act of divine contemplative love, which in itself alone includes all the distinct acts of virtue, but she rejects with horror the frightful consequence in regard to resistance against temptation which Molinos draws from this false principle.

"The book of the 'Maximes' expressly condemns the continuous act of the false mystic: but it makes perfection consist in an habitual state of pure love, in which the desire for reward and the fear of punishment have no share."

This, says M. Lemaitre, was Fénelon's crime. It led to his banishment to Cambrai, where for seventeen years he lived the life of a model bishop, caring both for the spiritual and temporal wants of his people. "During the war," says Saint-Simon, who is, as a rule, anything but friendly to Fénelon, "the number of wounded soldiers he had received into his house or attended to in the hospitals passes all belief. He spared nothing for them, neither physical comforts nor spiritual consolations. . . . Take him for all in all, he had a bright genius and was a great man. . . . He had so exactly arranged his affairs that he died without money, and yet without owing a penny to anybody."

#### A PLEASANT STORY.\*

IN "Franklin Kane" Miss Sedgwick has contributed another of those skilful and lucid analyses of character and personal relationships which are among the best, if not the best, things offered lately by American fiction. Her heroine, Miss Althea Jakes, is an "American woman of independent means and discriminating tastes, whose cosmopolitan studies and acquaintances give, in their multiplicity, the impression of a full, if not a completed, life." Althea is introduced to us at a moment in her life when she is feeling listless, fatigued, and lonely. She is thirty-three, with a pleasing face, large and questioning eyes, a poor figure, and a claim to beauty. Though she possesses three thousand a year, and has had suitors, at this moment of painful introspection in the respectable Hôtel Talleyrand in Paris, Althea recognises that unless the unexpected happens she is going to drift into the brisk and colorless spinsterhood of many of her Bostonian and English acquaintances. The only alter-

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native to this depressing fate seems to be accepting Franklin Winslow Kane, the friend of her youth, an American scientist, who first proposed to her when she was eighteen and has continued to propose to her ever since. Without, perhaps, consciously grasping it, the feeling that has led Althea to turn her back on America is the feeling that has made her hold out against Franklin Kane's touching and determined devotion—a desire for the color of life, a dream of romantic love. And Franklin Kane is a man without charm, of a colorless personality, a high-minded, spiritual, and singularly unselfish nature, but as a lover a man with no power of compelling a woman's love. Miss Sedgwick's gentle but searching analysis, we may here remark, is so concerned with the essential things of the spirit, that she sometimes neglects to present the individual lineaments of her men and women. Both Althea and Franklin Kane are a little too much like composite photographs of their class of cultured American. In the brilliant portrait of the Scottish girl, Miss Helen Buchanan, whom Althea meets and becomes intimate with in the Paris hotel, the author, however, makes amends. Miss Buchanan has the qualities that Althea lacks: she has sharp, fine tastes, an inner certainty, a rather bitter charm, and a mocking pride. Miss Buchanan, though poor, is much in demand in her circle of London friends, chief of whom is her cousin Gerald Digby, a graceful, lazy Englishman, delightfully sweet-tempered, with much fascination for women. The American heroine, Althea, wishing to try English country life, arranges to rent Gerald Digby's family place, Merriston House, and it so happens that these new English acquaintances become her guests at the time when her assiduous suitor, Franklin Kane, arrives in England on a visit. It is with the personal relations of this party of four, Althea and Kane, Gerald and Helen, that the author's dexterous exposition deals.

The admirable tone of most of the pages of "Franklin Kane" may be associated, perhaps, with the author's attitude of gracious neutrality to her creations. Even the sharp angularities of Aunt Julia and the robustness breeziness of the athletic Miss Buckstone, with her "steam-roller" style of conversation, are mitigated in the mellow atmosphere through which both English and American are viewed. It is not a cosmopolitan atmosphere, but one simple and unpretentious, in which the national characteristics of the people are, so to say, the evidence of their accusing bias. The American woman's confidence that her sex must be "choosers, not seekers," in marriage, with its implication of being spoilt, is little by little destroyed as she becomes really intimate with English life. Gerald is a little tired of drifting pleasantly through life, and wishes to settle down, and he discusses with his cousin Helen, his comrade and counsellor, as he has discussed scores of times before, whether he ought to marry, whether he could possibly "get on" with his latest fancy, and whether she will have enough money for them both. Manlike, Gerald is too stupid to have realised, not only that Helen has been passionately in love with him for years, but that he, himself, absolutely depends on her always being there, at his service, waiting to sympathise, to advise, to amuse, to be confided in. Under the light smile of her perfect comradeship, Helen has hidden from him that she is desperately suffering and solitary in her innermost heart. And now it is about Althea that Gerald talks, about her gentle wisdom, her capacity for taking her place at Merriston, fittingly as his wife, for entering into his interests, for being a good mother. Helen, benumbed at heart, has to sit calmly, smiling on him with deliberate sweetness, while she balances for him carefully the pros and cons of Althea's qualities! She does it so fairly, so impartially, that she really helps him to decide in Althea's favor, and the American woman, on her part, accepts Gerald's charming and temperate wooing in a beatific and idealistic mood. "I couldn't have thought of marrying you, if you hadn't had money," Gerald tells Althea; "but I needn't tell you that, if you'd had millions, I wouldn't have thought of marrying you, unless I cared for you. So there it is, quite clear and simple. I think I can make you happy; will you make me happy?" Gerald represents all that Althea has been aimlessly searching for, for years: distinction, fascination, charm. There is fine irony in the scene in which she presses Helen to her heart, saying, "We will always be very near each other, Helen. It is so beautiful to

think that you brought me and Gerald together. . . . If only this could mean a new opening in your life, too." While to the devoted Franklin Kane, who has been within an ace of acceptance in his last proposal, Althea can only repeat, "Forgive me, I've been so tossed, so unstable, dear Franklin. I only know now, you see. I've really fallen in love at last."

Gerald is simply in love, of course, with Althea's three thousand a year, and the exposition of Althea's gradual discovery that she is entering into a commonplace bondage with a man who cannot return her love is subtly handled. The comedy demands, however, that Franklin Kane shall now inherit a millionaire's fortune, and that Helen Buchanan shall become fond of him, and consent to marry him for his money, and this is where Miss Sedgwick strains our credulity. The figure of Franklin Kane, this insignificant little man, who lives only to sacrifice himself for the good of others, is, perhaps, less an individual than a projection of American idealism. His angelic tendencies grow alarmingly disproportionate towards the close of the book: his figure, like the Arabian genii in the bottle, swells and swells till the other characters are crushed into acquiescence with his self-sacrificing programme. Mrs. Sedgwick works out neatly enough for our edification the moral of her *partie carrée*. Gerald, humiliated and contrite, discovers that it is Helen he really needs and must have, and Helen is accordingly given back to him by the accommodating Franklin Kane, who, summoned in turn by Althea, falls into the appropriate attitude and determines to make his old love happy. We may hint that the weakness of the novel lies in the author's tendency to exalt the virtue of self-sacrifice and aspirations that are "noble" generally, at the expense of the very ordinary strands of human motive. As an example of this defect, and also of the clever lucidity of her analysis, we quote her last passage, in which Franklin Kane is shown administering consolation to the contrite Althea:—

"And though it took him a little while to find the words, he did find them at last completely, for her and for himself, saying gently, while he held her, 'No, it isn't dear. It's not spoiled. It's not the same—for either of us—is it?—but it isn't spoiled. We've taken nothing from each other; some things weren't ours, that's all. And even if you don't much want to marry me, you must please have me, now; because I want to marry you. I want to live for you so much that by degrees, I feel sure of it, you'll want to live for me, too. We must live for each other; we've got each other. Isn't that enough, Althea?'"

"Is it—is it enough?" she sobbed.

"I guess it is," said Franklin.

His voice was sane and sweet, even if it was sad. It seemed the voice of life. Althea closed her eyes and let it fold her round. Only with Franklin could she find consolation in her defeat, or strength to live without the happiness that had failed her. Only Franklin could console her for having to take Franklin. Was that really all that it came to? No, she felt it growing as they sat in silence, her sobs quieting, her head on his shoulder; it came to more. But she saw nothing clearly after the hateful, soulless seeing. The only clear thing was that it was good to be with Franklin."

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a lawyer's office. "Litigation was common to all classes of Elizabethan society; Shakespeare's father was no stranger to the pursuit. Intercourse with law students in London was freely open to literary aspirants, and lawyers were in especial sympathy with all grades of the theatrical profession." Mr. Gosse, who introduces "The Comedy of Errors," discusses the influence of Plautus on Shakespeare's art in the structure of plots, and while remarking on "the tameness of versification, timidity in the exposition of character, and thinness in the language" of the play, happily describes it as "a charmingly sportive and garrulous farce of Shakespeare's unfinished youth." Among other contributors to the volumes before us are Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Professor Woodberry, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Austin Dobson, and the late Dr. Garnett, each of whom is responsible for the introduction to a single play. The notes are all by Mr. Sidney Lee, and form one of the most valuable features of the work. They do not rival the lengthy annotations of the "Variorum Shakespeare," though everything that the ordinary reader needs explained is touched upon. Each play is illustrated by a colored frontispiece, reproduced in a rather crude style. Judging from the present instalment, the edition when completed will be a pleasant addition to the library, as well as a useful and authoritative contribution to the study of Shakespeare.

\* \* \*

IN "A Corner of Spain" (Nash, 5s. net.), Mr. Walter Wood gives us an account of Galicia, the little-known district to the north of Portugal, bounded by the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay, which can hardly fail to increase the number of tourists who will go there. "They will find," says Major Martin Hume, in an equally enthusiastic introduction, "a country of loch and mountain, that will make the Scottish Highlands seem trivial and tame; they will find a climate as soft as Munster and as warm as Italy, a vegetation as green as that of Killarney, without the chilling mists of Ireland," and all this within less than sixty hours of London. But beauty of scenery does not exhaust the interest of Galicia. It contains Corunna, from whence the Armada sailed, and where Sir John Moore is buried, Santiago de Compostela, with its famous cathedral, Vigo, with its stories of galleons and buried treasure, and many other places of historic interest. The people of Galicia are Celts, and have, as Major Hume points out, the Celtic instinct and need to wander in search of work, with the result that the constant drain by emigration of the best of the people is one of the saddest features in Galician life. Major Hume blames the system of taxation, and the subdivision of the land, for this; but he finds some hope in the revival of industry, and the development of the fisheries, that are now going on. Mr. Wood writes in a readable as well as enthusiastic style. He describes the people and their customs, the chief places of interest, and tells us something of Galician history. His book has many of the advantages and few of the defects of a guide-book, and we can recommend it to all at a loss for a place in which to spend their next holiday.

\* \* \*

"SKIES ITALIAN," by Ruth Shepard Phelps (Methuen, 5s. net), is "a little Breviary for travellers in Italy," made up of poems, and extracts from poems, dealing with Italy in one or other of its varied aspects. Anthologies of this class are now numerous. To compile one that will be satisfactory requires cultivated taste and breadth of reading. Miss Phelps seems to us to possess both. The only criticism we would make on her selection is that American poets are rather over-represented. But perhaps this is due to a patriotic intention.

## The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, May 27.	Price Friday morning, June 3.
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THE reduction of the Bank Rate on Thursday was quite in accordance with market anticipations, and consequently gave no stimulus to prices. Money is not at all plentiful, but

it seems quite likely that July will be a comparatively easy month. The real difficulty is likely to come later, and, indeed, there is growing anxiety here about Wall Street. The sharp slump in American railway stocks of the last few days is the direct consequence of the failure of the Western railways to raise freight rates, and the movement to raise the rates was the direct consequence of higher wages, which again were necessitated by the tariff. President Taft signed the tariff, and has made himself and the Republican party so unpopular that he dare not let the railways raise their rates. For this reason the Attorney-General applied for an injunction against the Western lines, and his application has been granted. So the American railways are left with increased expenses and no means of meeting them by increased profits, and this at the very moment when they are trying by hook or by crook to raise money by the issue of stock, bonds, or anything else that the public will take. The wise investor who foresaw the results of these huge capital applications is now in a position to get gilt-edged bonds yielding from 4½ to 4¾ per cent., and if the autumn should unfortunately see another crisis in the States, his opportunities of picking up bargains will be unlimited.

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YET according to one observer of Wall Street conditions, certain very influential banking interests are now more hopeful, after months of extreme caution, not to say bearishness. There is a disposition to look for moderate improvement. It is explained, however, that more or less trouble must be expected before long, as everything points to a squeeze in the autumn. Among the factors named as having formed the basis of an improvement in sentiment are: 1. The brighter agricultural outlook is causing a fall in wheat and other cereals. 2. The unhealthy banking conditions of the West are being corrected by the calling in of loans, a step that should have been taken before now. 3. The approach of the adjournment of Congress is also hailed with relief by the financial powers. 4. Commodity prices are tending in the right direction. 5. Labor has been placated. 6. The railroads have made some progress in obtaining better freight rates. (But this was before the Government's injunction suit.) 7. Money is cheaper; and (8) strange as it may seem, the return of Mr. Roosevelt, it is contended, is likely to be followed by "the reading of the riot act," to use the phrase employed by one eminent banker; he meant that the disintegration of the Republican party would probably be arrested when the ex-President re-entered active politics. On the other hand, Americans in the City describe the ex-President's Mansion House speech as "a piece of — impertinence." As this is the general view of the City, Mr. Roosevelt may not find himself quite so popular even in New York as he expects. But however that may be, the main point to be noted is that many critics of American finance would not be surprised to see a severe crisis in the autumn; for monetary and banking conditions are very unsatisfactory.

## FOREIGN BONDS.

The foreign market has been pretty good for some time, but there are now war clouds in many directions, and prospective loans, which rather tend in conjunction with the depression of the American bond market to put prices lower all round. Perhaps the Chilean Loan of 5 per cent. at 99 is the most attractive of recent issues; but this again would suffer if the troubles between Peru and Ecuador (in which Chile is really a partner) could not be peaceably settled. In the City the opinion is that there will be no war, but certainly troops are moving about, and there has been much excitement. Yet the territory in dispute is almost unknown and unsurveyed and would probably remain so but for the fact that it produces wild rubber trees. The "Times" has printed a statement about a quarrel between Brazil and Argentina, which, however, is not believed in the City. On the whole, however, South American securities are rather under a cloud; and in Europe the jingoism of the Young Turks is causing some uneasiness.

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